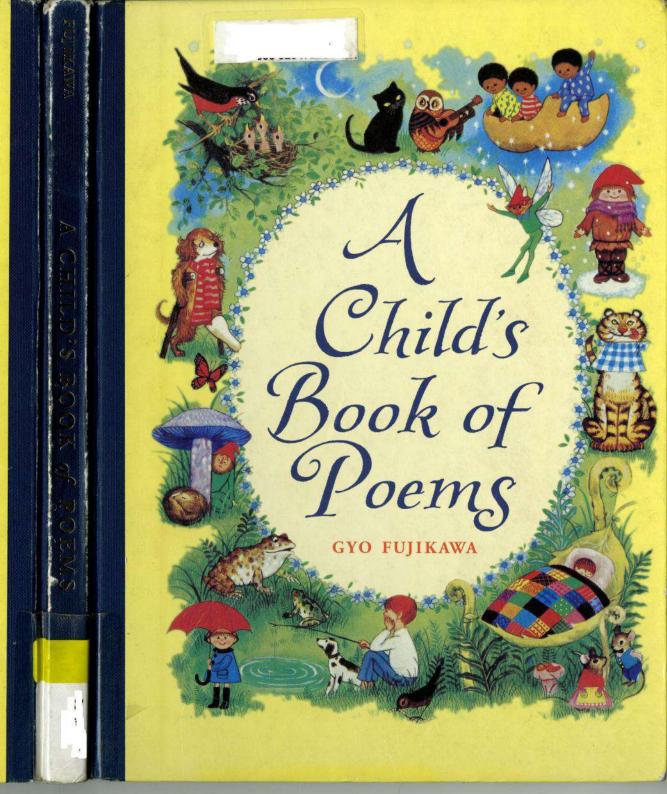
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SAIL OFF IN A WOODEN SHOE, pick fruit from a sugarplum tree, wish the sunshine a good morning, and sing a sea song from the shore! In this magical world—filled with sun-dappled river banks and snow-covered forests, bright yellow daffodils and bloom-laden cherry trees—you'll share adventures with cheerful crocodiles, tiny fairies, friendly cows, and dancing children.

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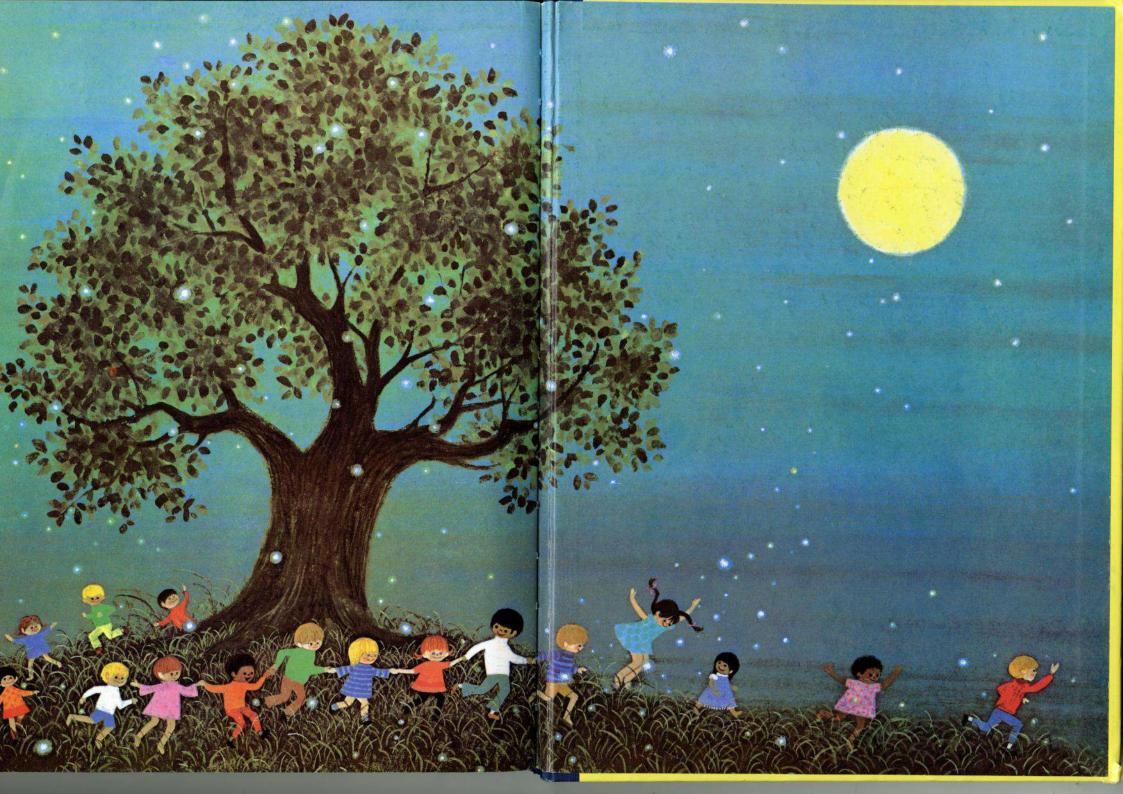
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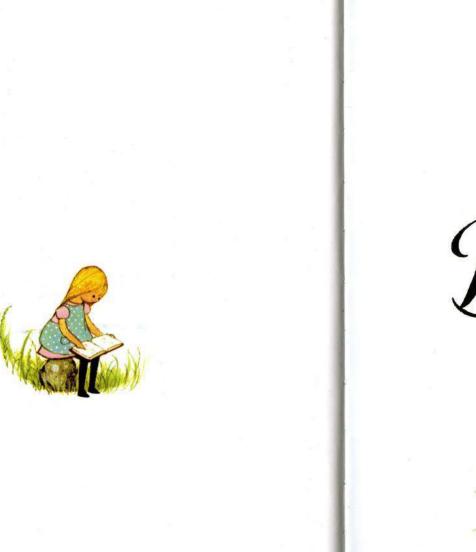




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Child's Book of Poems

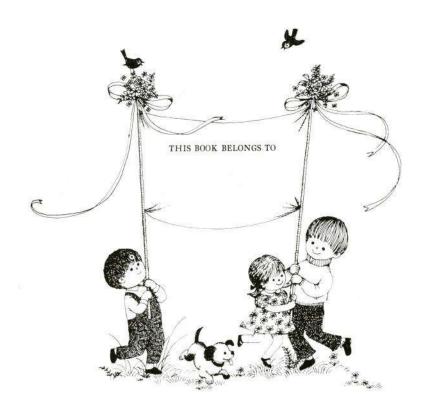




New York / London

Books with pictures by Gyo Fujikawa

A CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSES
THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS
BABIES
BABY ANIMALS
MOTHER GOOSE
A CHILD'S BOOK OF POEMS



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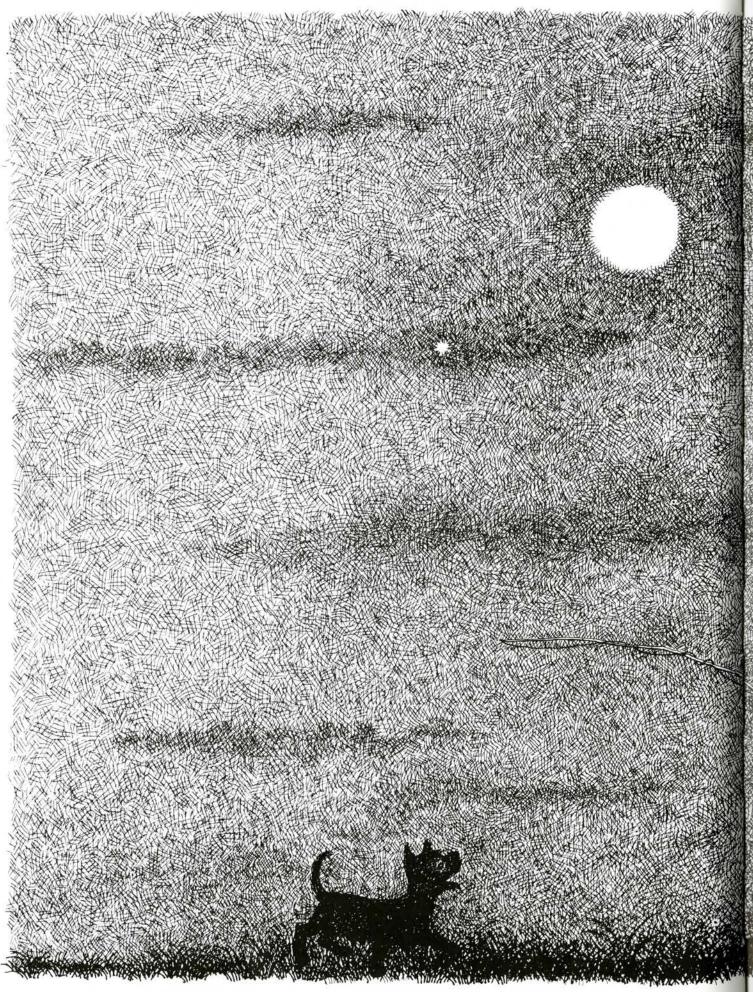


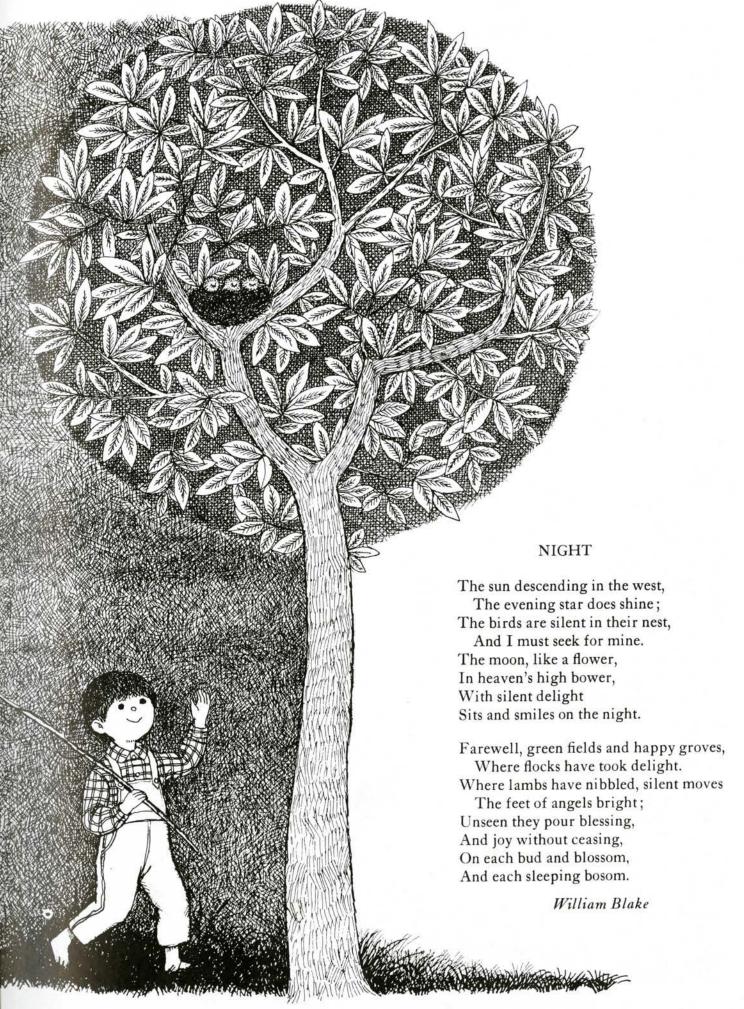


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NESTING TIME

Wrens and robins in the hedge, Wrens and robins here and there; Building, perching, pecking, fluttering, Everywhere!



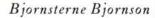


Hurt no living thing: Ladybird, nor butterfly, Nor moth with dusty wing, Nor cricket chirping cheerily, Nor grasshopper so light of leap, Nor dancing gnat, nor beetle fat, Nor harmless worms that creep.



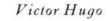


Come, calf, now to mother, Come, lamb, that I choose, Come, cats, one and t'other, With snowy-white shoes, Come, gosling all yellow, Come forth with your fellow, Come, chickens so small, Scarce walking at all, Come, doves, that are mine now, With feathers so fine now! The grass is bedewed, The sunlight renewed, It's early, early, summer's advancing But autumn soon comes a-dancing!



BE LIKE THE BIRD

Be like the bird, who Halting in his flight On limb too slight Feels it give way beneath him, Yet sings, Knowing he hath wings.





IN A CHILD'S ALBUM

Small service is true service while it lasts; Of humblest friends, bright creature, scorn not one; The daisy, by the shadow that it casts, Protects the lingering dewdrop from the sun.

William Wordsworth



KINDNESS TO ANIMALS

Little children, never give Pain to things that feel and live; Let the gentle robin come For the crumbs you save at home; As his meat you throw along He'll repay you with a song. Never hurt the timid hare Peeping from her green grass lair, Let her come and sport and play On the lawn at close of day. The little lark goes soaring high To the bright windows of the sky, Singing as if 'twere always spring, And fluttering on an untired wing -Oh! let him sing his happy song, Nor do these gentle creatures wrong.

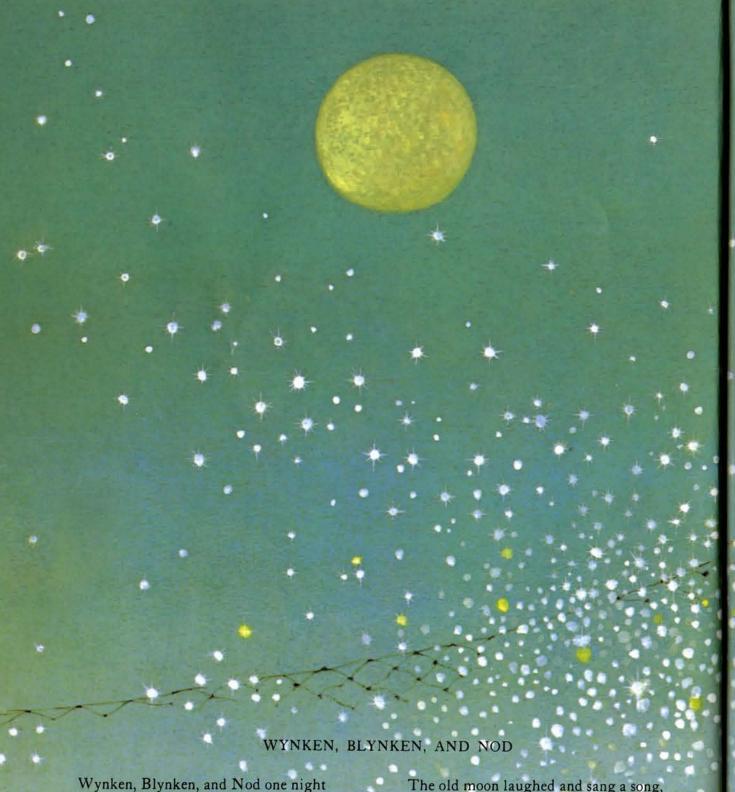








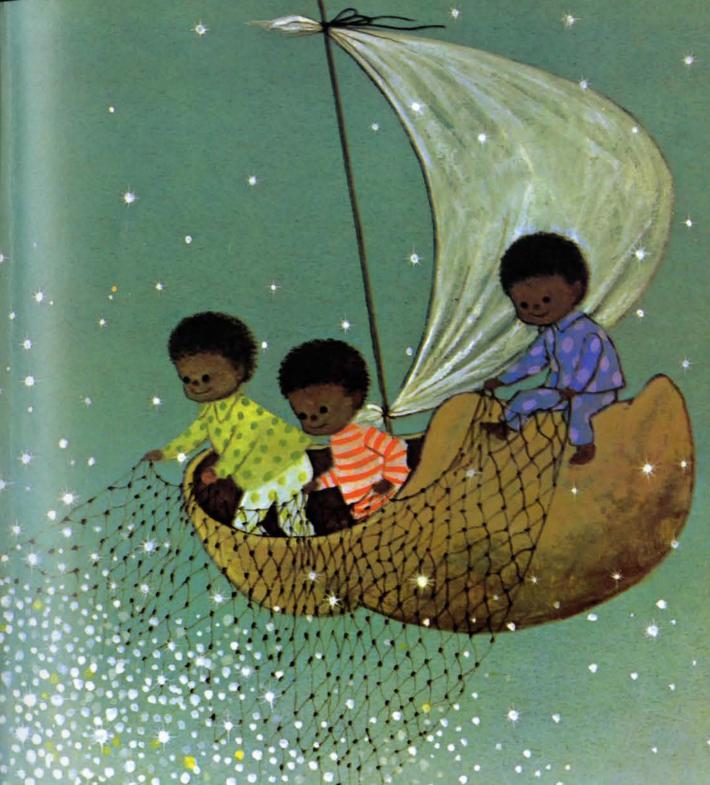




Sailed off in a wooden shoe -Sailed on a river of crystal light, Into a sea of dew. "Where are you going, and what do you wish?" The old moon asked the three. "We have come to fish for the herring fish That live in this beautiful sea; Nets of silver and gold have we!" Said Wynken, Blynken,

And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song, As they rocked in the wooden shoe, And the wind that sped them all night long Ruffled the waves of dew. The little stars were the herring fish That lived in that beautiful sea -"Now cast your nets wherever you wish -Never afeared are we"; So cried the stars to the fishermen three: Wynken, Blynken, And Nod.



All night long their nets they threw To the stars in the twinkling foam Then down from the skies came the wooden shoe, Bringing the fishermen home; Twas all so pretty a sail it seemed As if it could not be, And some folks thought 'twas a dream they'd dreamed And you shall see the beautiful things Of sailing that beautiful sea -But I shall name you the fishermen three: Wynken, Blynken, And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes. And Nod is a little head, And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies Is a wee one's trundle-bed. So shut your eyes while mother sings Of wonderful sights that be, As you rock in the misty sea, Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three: Wynken, Blynken, And Nod.

Eugene Field

THE SUGARPLUM TREE

Have you ever heard of the Sugarplum Tree?

'Tis a marvel of great renown!

It blooms on the shore of the Lollipop Sea

In the garden of Shut-eye Town;

The fruit that it bears is so wondrously sweet

(As those who have tasted it say)

That good little children have only to eat

Of that fruit to be happy next day.

When you've got to the tree, you would have a hard time

To capture the fruit which I sing;
The tree is so tall that no person could climb
To the boughs where the sugarplums
swing!

But up in that tree sits a chocolate cat,
And a gingerbread dog prowls below —
And this is the way you contrive to get at

And this is the way you contrive to get at Those sugarplums tempting you so:

You say but the word to that gingerbread dog And he barks with such terrible zest

That the chocolate cat is at once all agog, As her swelling proportions attest.

And the chocolate cat goes cavorting around From this leafy limb unto that,

And the sugarplums tumble, of course, to the ground —

Hurrah for that chocolate cat!

There are marshmallows, gumdrops, and peppermint canes,

With stripings of scarlet or gold, And you carry away of the treasure that rains

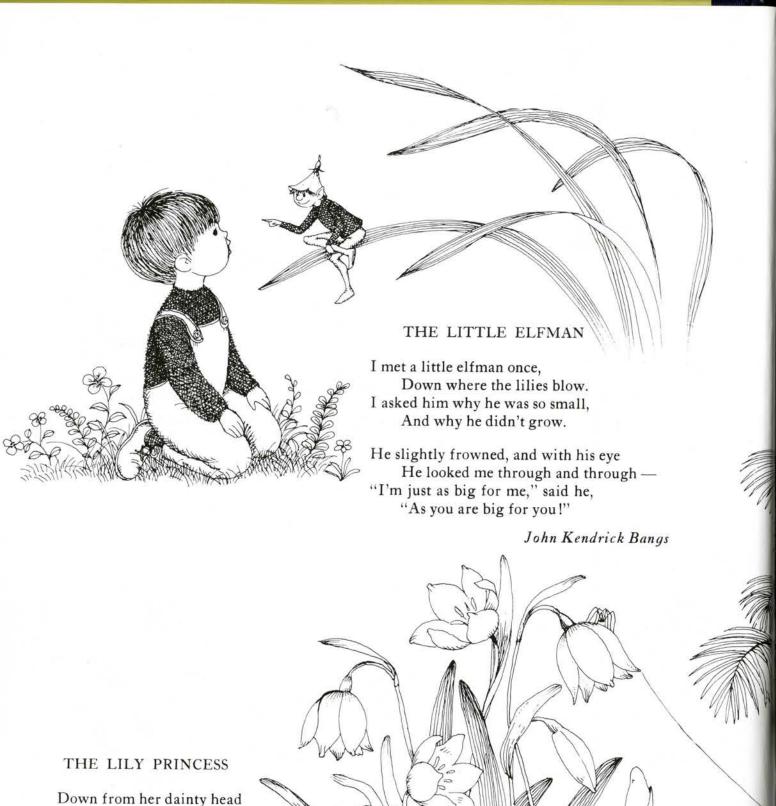
As much as your apron can hold!
So come, little child, cuddle close to me
In your dainty white nightcap and gown,
And I'll rock you away to that Sugarplum
Tree

In the garden of Shut-eye Town.

Eugene Field



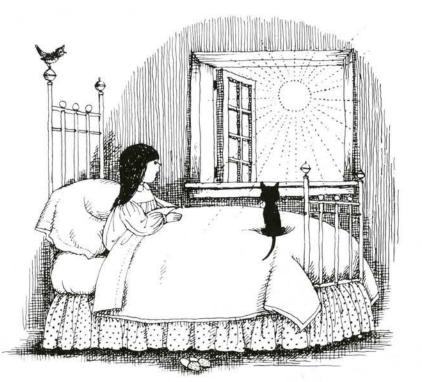




GOOD MORNING, MERRY SUNSHINE

Good morning, merry sunshine, How did you wake so soon? You've scared the little stars away, And shined away the moon; I saw you go to sleep last night, Before I ceased my playing. How did you get 'way over here, And where have you been staying?

I never go to sleep, dear; I just go round to see My little children of the East Who rise and watch for me. I waken all the birds and bees, And flowers on the way, And last of all the little child Who stayed out late to play.



THE CITY MOUSE AND THE GARDEN MOUSE

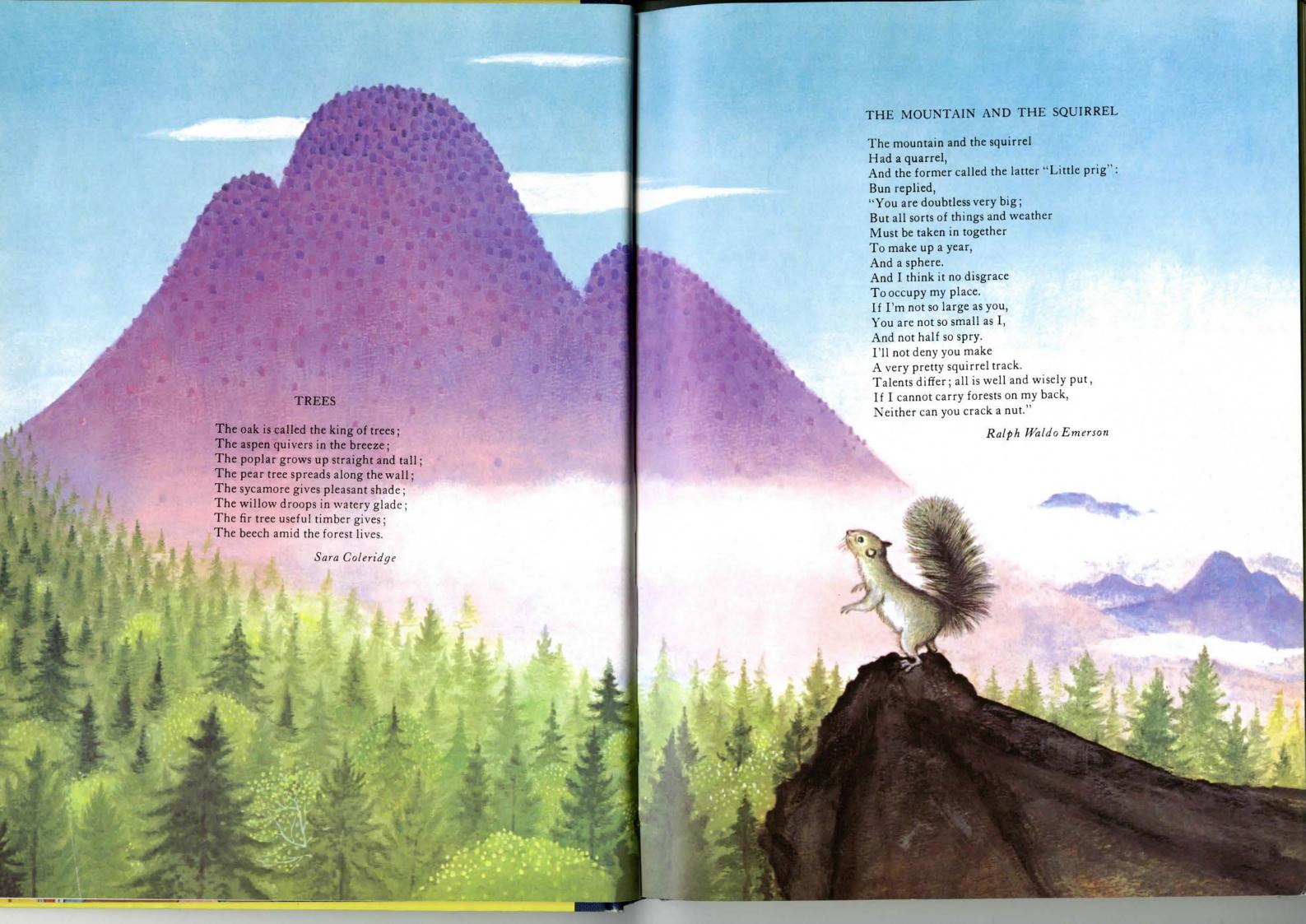
The city mouse lives in a house; The garden mouse lives in a bower, He's friendly with the frogs and toads, And sees the pretty plants in flower.

The city mouse eats bread and cheese; The garden mouse eats what he can; We will not grudge him seeds and stocks, Poor little timid furry man.

Christina Rossetti

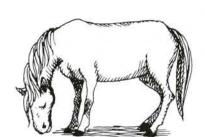
The Lily Princess lightly drops

A spider's airy thread.













Some things go to sleep in such a funny way: Little birds stand on one leg and tuck their heads away;

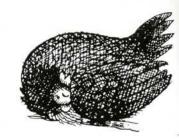
Chickens do the same, standing on their perch; Little mice lie soft and still, as if they were in church;

Kittens curl up close in such a funny ball; Horses hang their sleepy heads and stand still in a stall;

Sometimes dogs stretch out, or curl up in a heap; Cows lie down upon their sides when they would go to sleep.

But little babies dear are snugly tucked in beds, Warm with blankets, all so soft, and pillows for their heads.

Bird and beast and babe — I wonder which of all Dream the dearest dreams that down from dreamland fall!





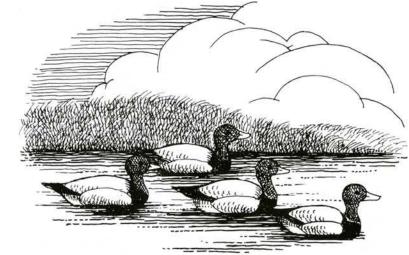




FOUR DUCKS ON A POND

Four ducks on a pond,
A grass bank beyond,
A blue sky of spring,
White clouds on the wing;
What a little thing
To remember for years —
To remember with tears!

William Allingham





SUSAN BLUE

Oh, Susan Blue,
How do you do?
Please may I go for a walk with you?
Where shall we go?
Oh, I know—
Down in the meadow where the cowslips
grow!

Kate Greenaway

CERTAINTY

I never saw a moor,
I never saw the sea;
Yet know I how the heather looks,
And what a wave must be.

I never spoke with God, Nor visited in Heaven; Yet certain am I of the spot As if the chart were given.

Emily Dickinson



A CRADLE SONG

Golden slumbers kiss your eyes, Smiles awake you when you rise. Sleep, pretty wantons, do not cry, And I will sing a lullaby: Rock them, rock them, lullaby.

Care is heavy, therefore, sleep you; You are care, and care must keep you. Sleep, pretty wantons, do not cry, And I will sing a lullaby: Rock them, rock them, lullaby.

Thomas Dekker



OLD DOG

OLD DOG,

Why do you lie so still?

Are you thinking of when you were a pup?

Are you longing to be a pup?

OLD DOG,

Why do you lie so still?

Do you remember your mother?

Do you want your mother near you?

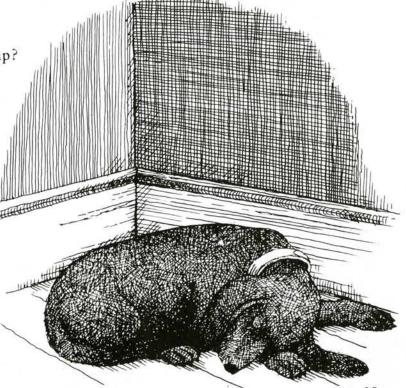
OLD DOG,

Why do you lie so still? You must be dreaming of childhood. You must be afraid to die.

OLD DOG,

Why do you lie so still?
Will you never wake up?
Won't you ever wake up?

Ann Govici



THE MONTHS



January brings the snow, Makes our feet and fingers glow.



February brings the rain, Thaws the frozen lake again.



May brings flocks of pretty lambs, Skipping by their fleecy dams.



June brings tulips, lilies, roses, Fills the children's hands with posies.



Warm September brings the fruit; Sportsmen then begin to shoot.



Fresh October brings the pheasant; Then to gather nuts is pleasant.



March brings breezes loud and shrill, Stirs the dancing daffodil.



Hot July brings cooling showers, Apricots and gillyflowers.



Dull November brings the blast, When the leaves are whirling fast.



April brings the primrose sweet, Scatters daisies at our feet.

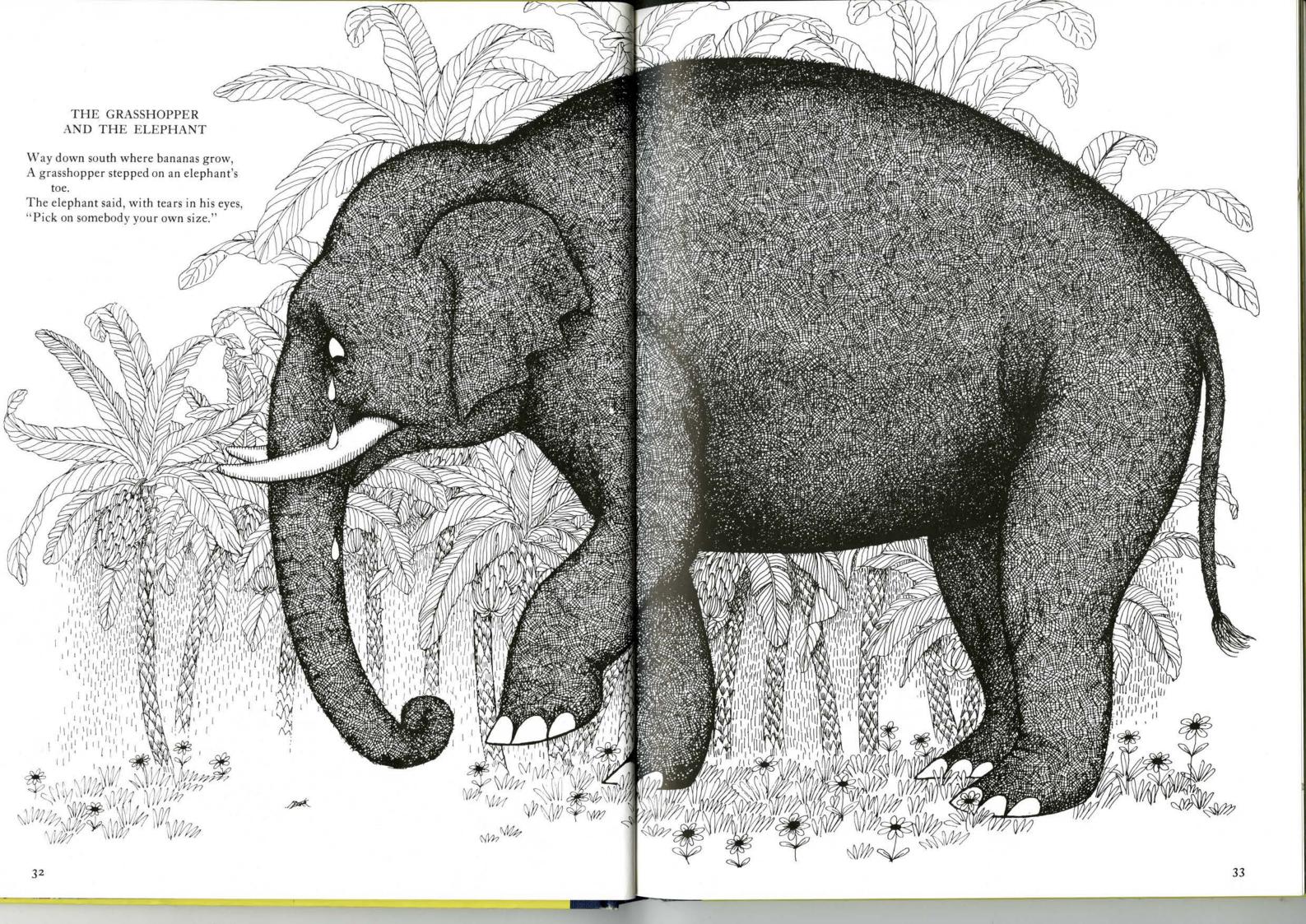


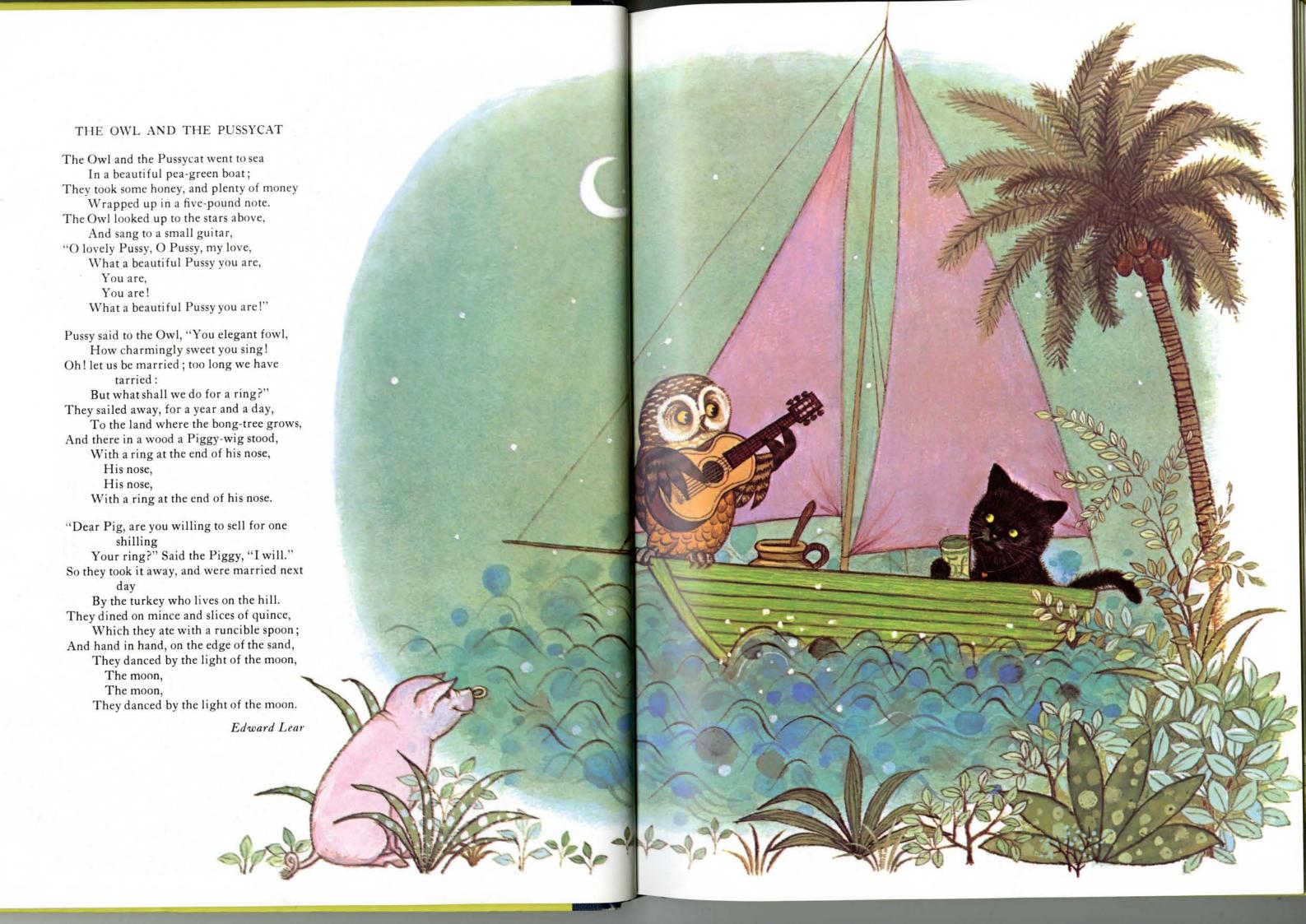
August brings the sheaves of corn; Then the harvest home is borne.

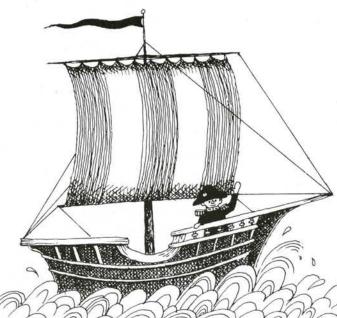


Chill December brings the sleet, Blazing fires and Christmas treat.

Sara Coleridge







SAILING

I see a ship a-sailing, sailing, sailing, I see a ship a-sailing, sailing out to sea; The captain at the railing, railing, railing, The captain at the railing waves his hand to me.

I see a ship a-rolling, rolling, rolling, I see a ship a-rolling, rolling home from sea; I hear its bell a-tolling, tolling, tolling, I hear its bell a-tolling, coming back to me.



To see a world in a grain of sand And a heaven in a wild flower, Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand And Eternity in an hour.

William Blake



THE ROCK

By a flat rock on the shore of the sea My dear one spoke to me. Wild thyme Now grows by the rock And a sprig of rosemary.



A SEA SONG FROM THE SHORE

Hail! Ho! Sail! Ho! Ahoy! Ahoy! Ahoy! Who calls to me, So far at sea? Only a little boy!

Sail! Ho! Hail! Ho! The sailor he sails the sea: I wish he would capture A little sea horse And send him home to me.

I wish, as he sails Through the tropical gales He would catch me a sea bird, too, With its silver wings And the song it sings, And its breast of down and dew!

I wish he would catch me A little mermaid, Some island where he lands, With her dripping curls, And her crown of pearls, And the looking glass in her hands!

Hail! Ho! Sail! Ho! Sail far o'er the fabulous main! And if I were a sailor, I'd sail with you, Though I never sailed back again.

James Whitcomb Riley

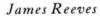






W

The King sent for his wise men all
To find a rhyme for W.
When they had thought a good long time
But could not think of a single rhyme,
"I'm sorry," said he, "to trouble you."



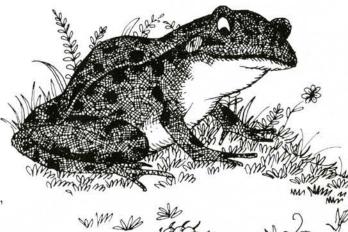




ONE MARCH DAY

As I went walking, one March day,
Down the length of Blossom Street,
Round me whirled a wind at play,
And lifted me right off my feet.

English Rhyme

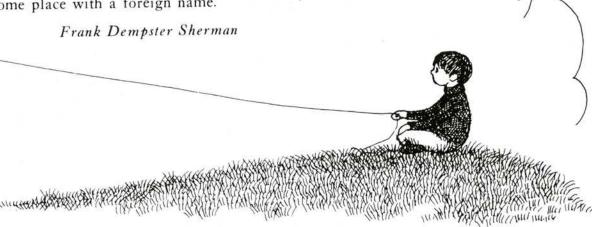


A CENTIPEDE

A centipede was happy quite
Until a frog in fun
Said, "Pray, which leg comes after which?"
This raised her mind to such a pitch,
She lay distracted in a ditch,
Considering how to run.

A KITE

I often sit and wish that I
Could be a kite up in the sky,
And ride upon the breeze and go
Whichever way I chanced to blow.
Then I could look beyond the town,
And see the river winding down,
And follow all the ships that sail
Like me before the merry gale,
Until at last with them I came
To some place with a foreign name.



PEDIGREE

The pedigree of honey
Does not concern the bee;
A clover, any time, to him
Is aristocracy.

Emily Dickinson



CARPENTERS

Saw, saw, saw away, Saw the boards and saw the timbers. Saw, saw, saw away, We will build a house today.



I will make you brooches and toys for your delight Of bird song at morning and starshine at night. I will make a palace fit for you and me, Of green days in forests And blue days at sea.

MY VALENTINE

Robert Louis Stevenson



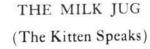
The gingham dog and the calico cat
Side by side on the table sat;
'Twas half-past twelve, and (what do you think!)
Nor one nor t' other had slept a wink!
The old Dutch clock and the Chinese plate
Appeared to know as sure as fate
There was going to be a terrible spat.
(I wasn't there; I simply state
What was told to me by the Chinese plate!)

The gingham dog went, "Bow-wow-wow!"
And the calico cat replied, "Mee-ow!"
The air was littered, an hour or so,
With bits of gingham and calico,
While the old Dutch clock in the chimney-place
Up with its hands before its face,
For it always dreaded a family row!
(Now mind: I'm only telling you
What the old Dutch clock declares is true!)

The Chinese plate looked very blue,
And wailed, "Oh, dear! what shall we do!"
But the gingham dog and the calico cat
Wallowed this way and tumbled that,
Employing every tooth and claw
In the awfullest way you ever saw—
And, oh! how the gingham and calico flew!
(Don't fancy I exaggerate—
I got my news from the Chinese plate!)

Next morning, where the two had sat
They found no trace of dog or cat;
And some folks think unto this day
That burglars stole that pair away!
But the truth about the cat and pup
Is this: they ate each other up!
Now what do you really think of that!
(The old Dutch clock it told me so,
And that is how I came to know.)

Eugene Field



The Gentle Milk Jug blue and white I love with all my soul;
She pours herself with all her might To fill my breakfast bowl.

All day she sits upon the shelf,
She does not jump or climb —
She only waits to pour herself
When 'tis my suppertime.

And when the Jug is empty quite,
I shall not mew in vain,
The Friendly Cow all red and white,
Will fill her up again.

Oliver Herford





A black-nosed kitten will slumber all the day; A white-nosed kitten is ever glad to play; A yellow-nosed kitten will answer to your call; And a gray-nosed kitten I like best of all.

I HAD A LITTLE DOGGY

I had a little Doggy that used to sit and beg;
But Doggy tumbled down the stairs and broke his little leg.
Ohl Doggy, I will nurse you, and try to make you well,
And you shall have a collar with a little silver bell.

Ah! Doggy, don't you think that you should very faithful be, For having such a loving friend to comfort you as me? And when your leg is better, and you can run and play, We'll have a scamper in the fields and see them making hay.

But, Doggy, you must promise (and mind your word to keep)
Not once to tease the little lambs, or run among the sheep;
And then the little yellow chicks that play upon the grass,
You must not even wag your tail to scare them as you pass.







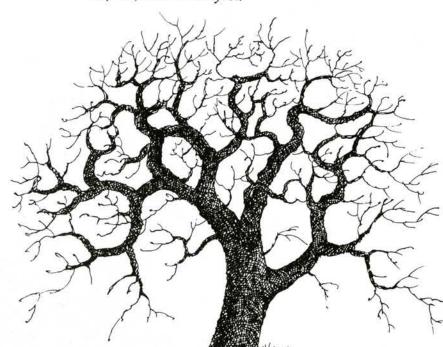


WHAT DOES LITTLE BIRDIE SAY?

What does little birdie say, In her nest at peep of day? "Let me fly," says little birdie, "Mother, let me fly away." "Birdie, rest a little longer, Till the little wings are stronger." So she rests a little longer, Then she flies away.

What does little baby say, In her bed at peep of day? Baby says, like little birdie, "Let me rise and fly away." "Baby, sleep a little longer, Till the little limbs are stronger." If she sleeps a little longer, Baby, too, shall fly away.

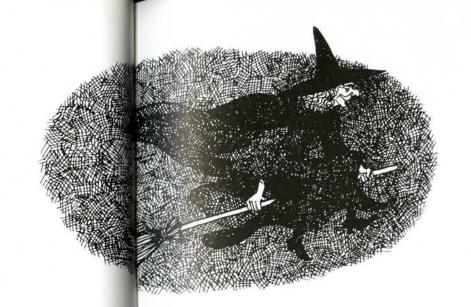
Alfred, Lord Tennyson



HEIGH HO!

Heigh Ho! Time creeps but slow; I've looked up the hill so long; None come this way, the sun sinks low, And my shadow's very long.

Kate Greenaway



THE BROOMSTICK TRAIN

Look out! Look out, boys! Clear the track! The witches are here! They've all come back! They hanged them high. No use! No use! What cares a witch for the hangman's noose? They buried them deep, but they wouldn't lie still, For cats and witches are hard to kill; They swore they shouldn't and wouldn't die -Books said they did, but they lie! they lie!

Oliver Wendell Holmes

THE OAK

Live thy life. Young and old, Like yon oak, Bright in spring, Living gold;

Summer-rich Then; and then Autumn-changed, Soberer-hued Gold again.

All his leaves Fallen at length, Look, he stands, Trunk and bough, Naked strength.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

THE CLUCKING HEN

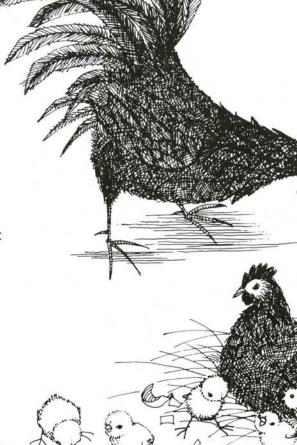
"Will you take a walk with me, My little wife, today? There's barley in the barley field, And hayseed in the hay."

"Thank you," said the clucking hen. "I've something else to do; I'm busy sitting on my eggs, I cannot walk with you."

The clucking hen sat on her nest, She made it on the hay; And warm and snug beneath her breast A dozen white eggs lay.

CRACK! CRACK! went all the eggs, Out dropped the chickens small. "Cluck!" said the clucking hen. "Now I have you all.

Come along, my little chicks, I'll take a walk with you." "Hello!" said the rooster. "Cock-a-doodle-doo!"



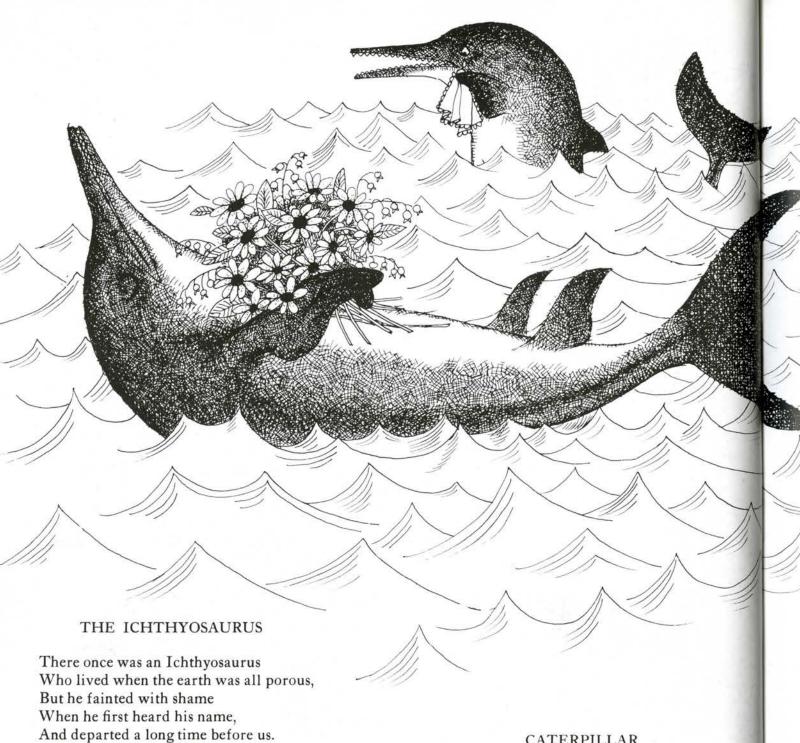


If a task is once begun, Never leave it till it's done. Be the labor great or small, Do it well or not at all.









CATERPILLAR

Brown and furry Caterpillar in a hurry Take your walk To the shady leaf, or stalk, Or what not, Which may be the chosen spot. No toad spy you, Hovering bird of prey pass by you; Spin and die, To live again a butterfly.

Christina Rossetti



The robin and the redbreast, The robin and the wren; If ye take out o' their nest, Ye'll never thrive agen!

The robin and the redbreast, The martin and the swallow; If ye touch one o' their eggs, Bad luck will surely follow!



There was a young lady of Niger Who smiled as she rode on a tiger; They returned from the ride With the lady inside, And the smile on the face of the tiger.

A BIRD

A bird came down the walk: He did not know I saw; He bit an angleworm in halves And ate the fellow, raw.

And then he drank a dew From a convenient grass, And then hopped sidewise to the wall To let a beetle pass.

Emily Dickinson





WHO HAS SEEN THE WIND? Who has seen the wind? Neither I nor you; But when the leaves hang trembling, The wind is passing through. Who has seen the wind? Neither you nor I: But when the trees bow down their heads, The wind is passing by. Christina Rossetti THE FRIENDLY COW The friendly cow, all red and white, I love with all my heart; She gives me cream, with all her might, To eat with apple tart. She wanders lowing here and there, And yet she cannot stray, All in the pleasant open air, The pleasant light of day. And blown by all the winds that pass And wet with all the showers, She walks among the meadow grass And eats the meadow flowers. LITTLE WIND Robert Louis Stevenson Little wind, blow on the hilltop; Little wind, blow on the plain, Little wind, blow up the sunshine, Little wind, blow off the rain.



THE TWENTY-FOURTH OF DECEMBER

The clock ticks slowly, slowly in the hall, And slower and more slow the long hours crawl; It seems as though today Would never pass away; The clock ticks slowly, s-l-o-w-l-y in the hall.

SNOWFLAKES

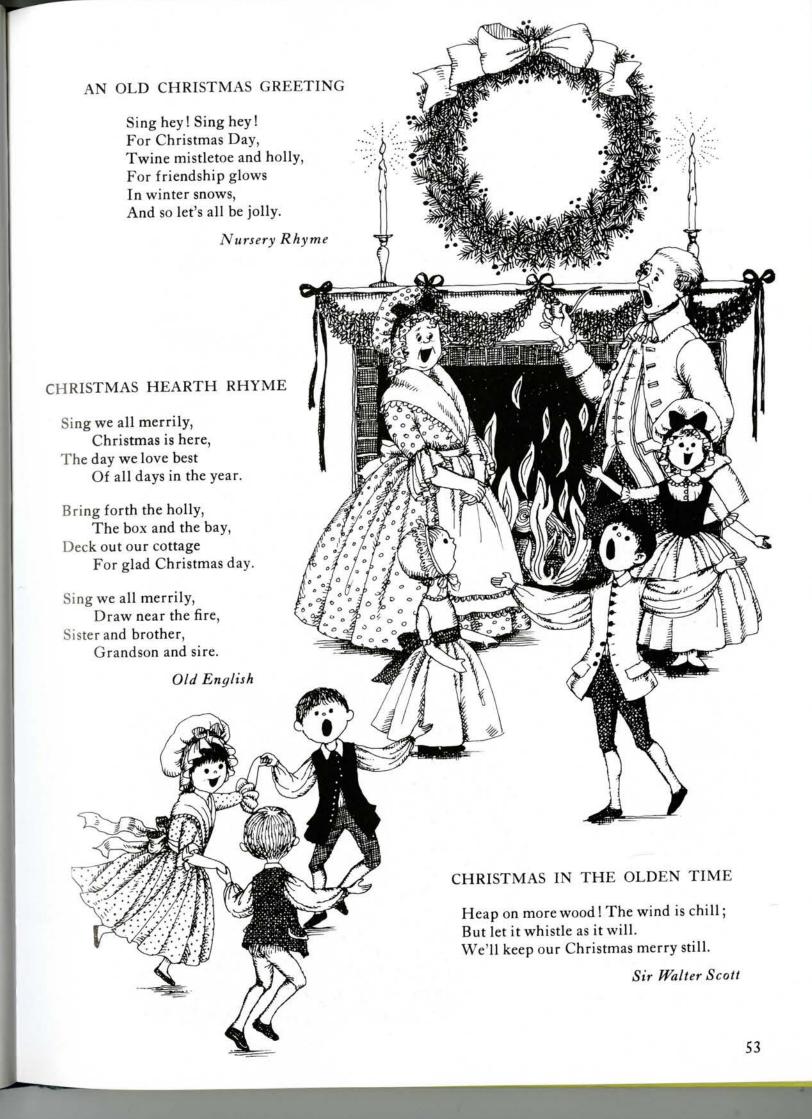
Out of the bosom of the air, Out of the cloud-folds of her garments shaken, Over the woodland brown and bare, Over the harvest fields forsaken, Silent, and soft, and slow :) Descends the snow.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

MY GIFT

What can I give Him,

Christina Rossetti



Poor as I am; If I were a shepherd, I would give Him a lamb. If I were a wise man, I would do my part. But what can I give Him? I will give my heart.





SANTA CLAUS AND THE MOUSE

One Christmas, when Santa Claus Came to a certain house, To fill the children's stockings there, He found a little mouse.

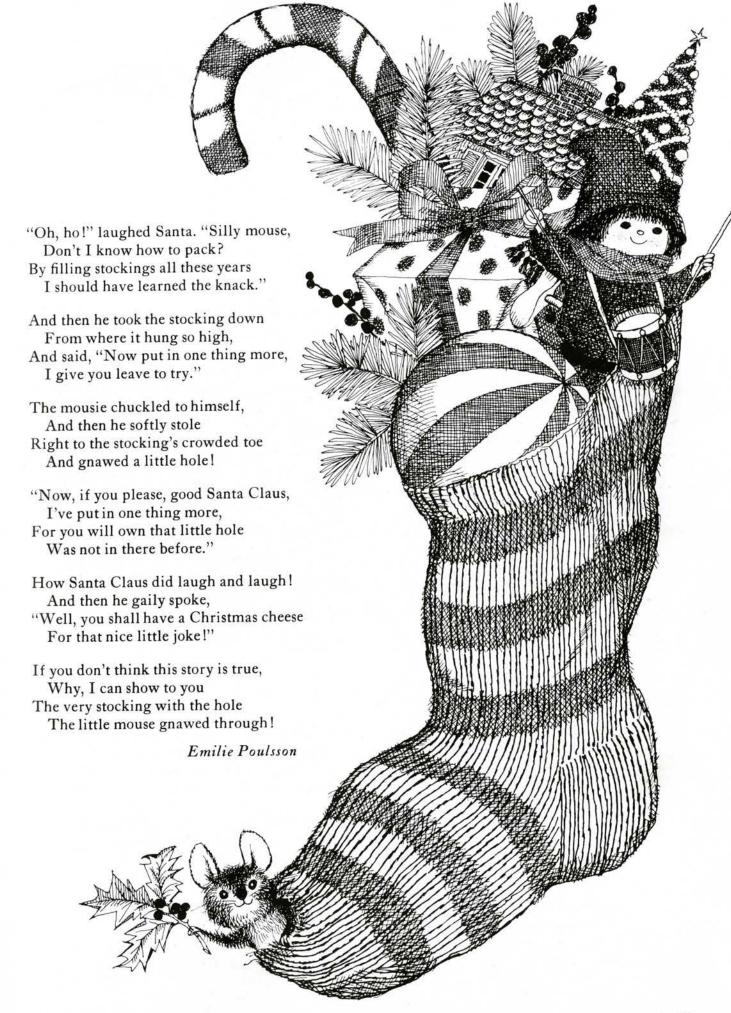
"A Merry Christmas, little friend,"
Said Santa good and kind.
"The same to you, sir," said the mouse,
"I thought you wouldn't mind,

If I should stay awake tonight
And watch you for a while."
"You're very welcome, little mouse,"
Said Santa, with a smile.

And then he filled the stockings up
Before the mouse could wink —
From toe to top, from top to toe,
There wasn't left a chink.

"Now they won't hold another thing,"
Said Santa Claus with pride.
A twinkle came in mouse's eyes,
But humbly he replied:

"It's not polite to contradict — Your pardon I implore — But in the fullest stocking there I could put one thing more."





THE ELF AND THE DORMOUSE

Under a toadstool crept a wee elf, Out of the rain, to shelter himself.

Under the toadstool, sound asleep, Sat a big dormouse all in a heap.

Trembled the wee elf, frightened, and yet Fearing to fly away lest he get wet.

To the next shelter — maybe a mile! Sudden the wee elf smiled a wee smile,

Tugged till the toadstool toppled in two, Holding it over him, gayly he flew.

Soon he was safe home, dry as could be, Soon woke the dormouse — "Good gracious me!

Where is my toadstool?" loud he lamented. And that's how umbrellas first were invented.





RAIN

The rain is raining all around, It falls on field and tree; It rains on the umbrellas here, And on the ships at sea.

Robert Louis Stevenson

APRIL FOOL'S DAY

The first of April, some do say, Is set apart for All Fools' day, But why the people call it so Nor I, nor they themselves, do know.

Old English Almanac



SWEET PEAS

Here are sweet peas, on tiptoe for a flight, With wings of gentle flush o'er delicate white, And taper fingers catching at all things, To bind them all about with tiny rings.

John Keats

"CROAK!" SAID THE TOAD

"Croak!" said the toad. "I'm hungry, I think.
Today I've had nothing to eat or to drink.
I'll crawl to a garden and jump through the pales,
And there I'll dine nicely on slugs and on snails."

"Ho, ho!" quoth the frog. "Is that what you mean? Then I'll hop away to the next meadow stream.

There I will drink, and eat worms and slugs, too, And then I shall have a good dinner like you."

Old Garden Rhyme



Swan swam over the sea — Swim, swan, swim; Swan swam back again, Well swam, swan.

THE SWAN



GO TO THE ANT

Go to the ant, thou sluggard;
Consider her ways, and be wise:
Which having no guide,
Overseer, or ruler,
Provideth her meat in the summer,
And gathereth her food in the harvest.

The Book of Proverbs



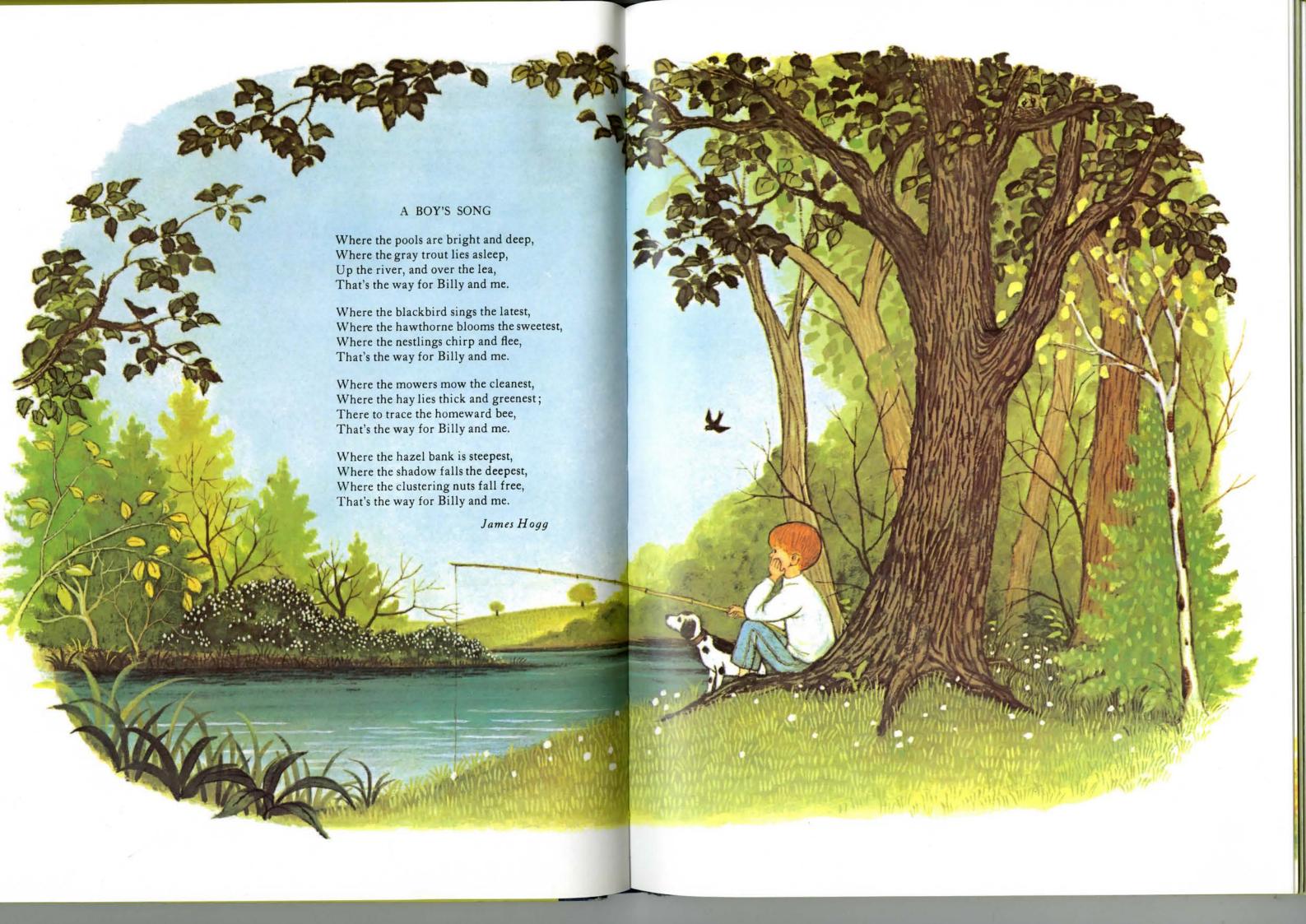
Old Dame Cricket, down in the thicket, Brought up her children nine — Queer little chaps, in glossy black caps And brown little suits so fine.

"My children," she said,
"The birds are abed:
Go and make the dark earth glad!
Chirp while you can!"
And then she began,
Till, oh, what a concert they had!

They hopped with delight,
They chirped all night,
Singing, "Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer!"
Old Dame Cricket,
Down in the thicket,
Sat awake till dawn to hear.

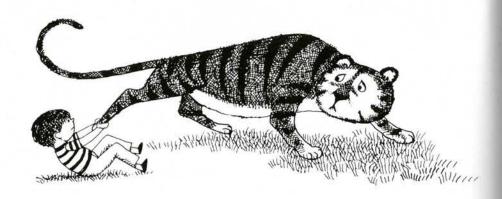






COUNTING-OUT RHYMES

Eenie, meenie, minie, mo, Catch a tiger by the toe, If he hollers, let him go, Eenie, meenie, minie, mo.





Out goes the rat, Out goes the cat, Out goes the lady With the big green hat. Y, O, U, spells you; O, U, T, spells out!



One potato, two potato, Three potato, four; Five potato, six potato, Seven potato, MORE.



One-ery, Two-ery, Ickery, Ann,
Phillip-son, Phollop-son, Nicholas, John,
Queevy, Quavy,
English Navy,
Zinglum, Zanglum, Bolun, Bun.

Hinty, minty, cuty, corn,
Apple seed and apple thorn,
Wire, briar, limber lock,
Three geese in a flock.
One flew east, and one flew west,
One flew over the cuckoo's nest.





THE BEE

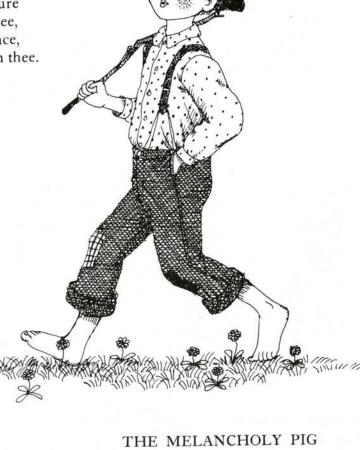
There is a little gentleman
That wears yellow clothes;
And a dirk below his doublet,
For sticking of his foes.

He's in a stinging posture Wherever him you see, And if you offer violence, He'll stab his dirk in thee.

THE BAREFOOT BOY

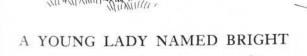
Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheeks of tan!
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;
From my heart I give thee joy—
I was once a barefoot boy!

John Greenleaf Whittier



There was a pig that sat alone,
Beside a ruined pump.
By day and night he made his moan:
It would have stirred a heart of stone
To see him wring his hoofs and groan,
Because he could not jump.

Lewis Carroll



There was a young lady named Bright,
Who traveled much faster than light.
She started one day
In the relative way,
And returned on the previous night.





THE DAY IS DONE

The day is done, and the darkness Falls from the wings of Night, As a feather is wafted downward From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village Gleam through the rain and the mist, And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me That my soul cannot resist:

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem, Some simple and heartfelt lay, That shall soothe this restless feeling, And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters, Not from the bards sublime, Whose distant footsteps echo Through the corridors of Time.

For, like strains of martial music, Their mighty thoughts suggest Life's endless toil and endeavor; And tonight I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who, through long days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

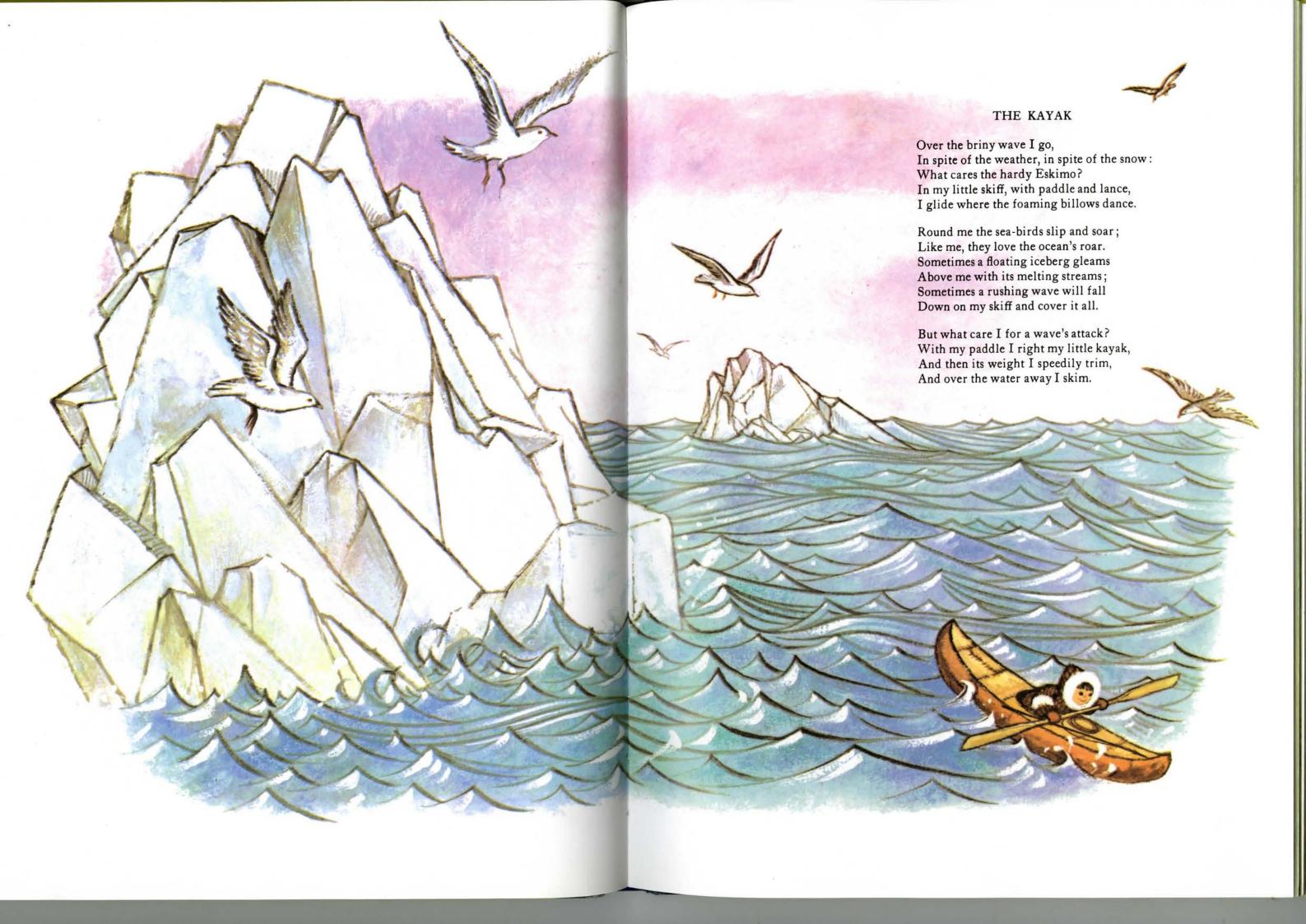
Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like a benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music, And the cares that infest the day, Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs, And as silently steal away.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow





TONY O

Over the bleak and barren snow A voice there came a-calling; "Where are you going to, Tony O! Where are you going this morning?"

"I am going where there are rivers of wine, The mountains bread and honey: There Kings and Queens do mind the swine, And the poor have all the money."

Colin Francis

DOLL'S WALK

I took my dolly for a walk.

Before we reached the gate,
She kicked her little slipper off,
And soon she lost the mate.



THE WEST WIND

The trumpet of a prophecy! O Wind, If winter comes, can spring be far behind?

Percy Bysshe Shelley

THE SNOWMAN

Once there was a snowman
Stood outside the door
Thought he'd like to come inside
And run around the floor;
Thought he'd like to warm himself
By the firelight red;
Thought he'd like to climb up
On that big white bed.
So he called the North Wind, "Help me now, I pray.
I'm completely frozen, standing here all day."
So the North Wind came along and blew him in the door,
And now there's nothing left of him
But a puddle on the floor!



I am his Highness' dog at Kew; Pray tell me, sir — whose dog are you?

Alexander Pope

Pray tell me, sir — w

OLD SONG

Haste thee, Winter, haste away! Far too long has been thy stay.

English Couplet

0

ONE STORMY NIGHT

Two little kittens, One stormy night, Began to quarrel, And then to fight.

One had a mouse, The other had none; And that's the way The quarrel begun.

"I'LL have that mouse,"
Said the bigger cat.
"YOU'LL have that mouse?
We'll see about that!"

"I WILL have that mouse,"
Said the eldest son.
"You SHA'NT have the mouse,"
Said the little one.

The old woman seized
Her sweeping broom,
And swept both kittens
Right out of the room.

The ground was covered
With frost and snow,
And the two little kittens
Had nowhere to go.

They lay and shivered
On a mat at the door
While the old woman
Was sweeping the floor.

And then they crept in, As quiet as mice, All wet with the snow, And as cold as ice,

And found it much better,
That stormy night,
To lie by the fire
Than to quarrel and fight.

Traditional











THE MAY QUEEN

You must wake and call me early, call me early, Mother dear; Tomorrow'll be the happiest time of all the glad new year; Of all the glad new year, Mother, the maddest, merriest day, For I'm to be Queen o' the May, Mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

HERE WE COME A-PIPING

Here we come a-piping, In springtime and in May; Green fruit a-ripening, And winter fled away. The Queen she sits upon the strand, Fair as lily, white as wand; Seven billows on the sea, Horses riding fast and free, And bells beyond the sand.



WILD BEASTS

I will be a lion And you shall be a bear, And each of us will have a den Beneath a nursery chair; And you must growl and growl and growl, And I will roar and roar, And then - why, then - you'll growl again, And I will roar some more!

Evaleen Stein



THE NAUGHTY BOY

There was a naughty boy, And a naughty boy was he, He ran away to Scotland The people for to see — Then he found That the ground Was as hard, That a yard Was as long, That a song Was as merry, That a cherry Was as red, That lead Was as weighty, That fourscore Was as eighty, That a door Was as wooden As in England -So he stood in his shoes And he wondered.

> He wondered. He stood in his shoes

> > And he wondered.

John Keats



TO AN INSECT

Thou art a female, katydid! That quivers through thy piercing notes, So petulant and shrill; I think there is a knot of you Beneath the hollow tree -A knot of spinster katydids -Do katydids drink tea?

Oliver Wendell Holmes

FERRY ME ACROSS THE WATER

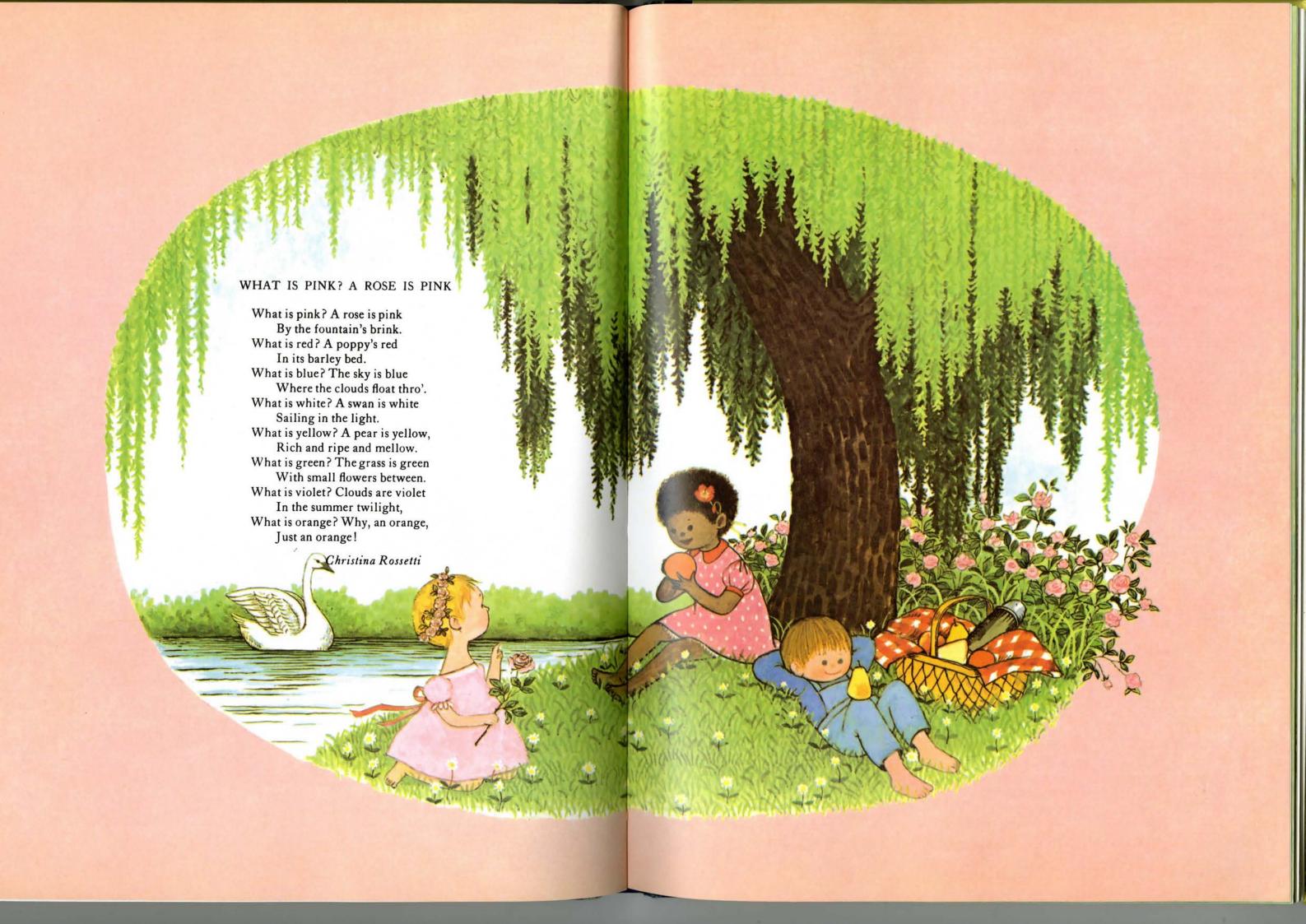
"Ferry me across the water, Do, boatman, do." "If you've a penny in your purse, I'll ferry you."

"I have a penny in my purse, And my eyes are blue; So ferry me across the water, Do, boatman, do!"

"Step into my ferryboat, Be they black or blue, And for the penny in your purse I'll ferry you."

Christina Rossetti





MY FAIRY

I'd like to tame a fairy. To keep it on a shelf, To see it wash its little face, And dress its little self. I'd teach it pretty manners, It always should say "Please," And then, you know, I'd make it sew, And curtsy with its knees!



EXTREMES

A little boy once played so loud That the thunder, up in a thundercloud, I'll never, never thunder again!"

And a little girl once kept so still Whisper and say to a ladybird,

James Whitcomb Riley

DON'T GIVE UP

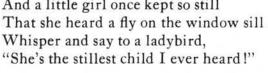
If you've tried and have not won, Never stop for crying; All that's great and good is done Just by patient trying.

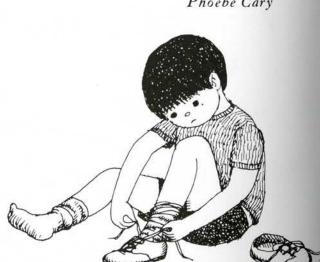
If by easy work you beat, Who the more will prize you? Gaining victory from defeat, That's the test that tries you.

Phoebe Cary



Said, "Since I can't be heard, why, then,







Tomorrow is Saint Valentine's day, All in the morning betime, And I a maid at your window, To be your Valentine.

William Shakespeare

THE LITTLE PEACH

A little peach in the orchard grew -A little peach of emerald hue; Warmed by the sun and wet by the dew, It grew.

One day, passing the orchard through, That little peach dawned on the view Of Johnnie Jones and his sister Sue — Those two.

Up at the peach a club he threw — Down from the tree on which it grew Fell the little peach of emerald hue — Mon dieu!





She took a bite and he a chew, And then the trouble began to brew -Trouble the doctor couldn't subdue — Too true!

Under the turf where the daisies grew They planted John and his sister Sue, And their little souls to the angels flew -Boo-hoo!

But what of the peach of emerald hue, Warmed by the sun and wet by the dew? Ah, well, its mission on earth was through -Adieu!



Eugene Field



Mix a pancake, Stir a pancake, Pop it in the pan; Fry the pancake, Toss the pancake — Catch it if you can!

Christina Rossetti



WHO IS TAPPING AT MY WINDOW?

- "It's not I," said the cat.
- "It's not I," said the rat.
- "It's not I," said the wren.
- "It's not I," said the hen.
- "It's not I," said the fox.
- "It's not I," said the ox.
- "It's not I," said the loon.
- "It's not I," said the coon.
- "It's not I," said the cony.
- "It's not I," said the pony.
- "It's not I," said the dog.
- "It's not I," said the frog.
- "It's not I," said the hare.
- "It's not I," said the bear.
- "It is I," said the rain,

"Tapping at your windowpane."

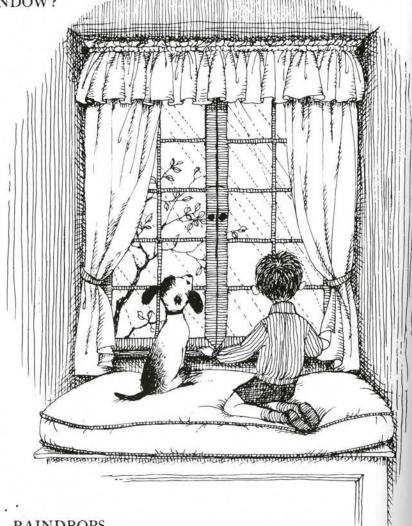
A. G. Deming

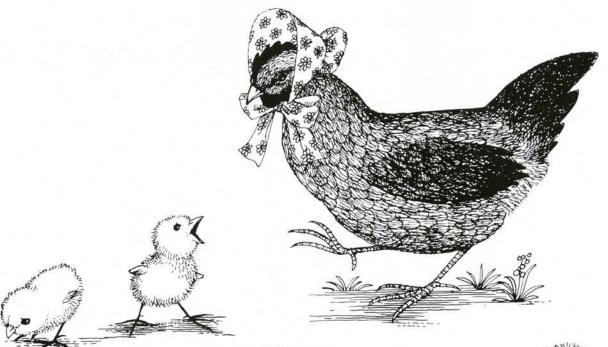


Softly the rain goes pitter-patter, Softly the rain comes falling down. Hark to the people who hurry by; Raindrops are footsteps from out the sky! Softly the rain goes pitter-patter, Softly the rain comes falling down.



The rain came down in torrents And Mary said, "Oh, dear, I'll have to wear my waterproof, And rubbers, too, I fear!" So, carefully protected, she started off for school, When the big round sun Came out and chuckled "April Fool!"





FIVE LITTLE CHICKENS

Said the first little chicken, With a queer little squirm, "Oh, I wish I could find A fat little worm!"

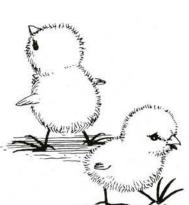
Said the second little chicken, With an odd little shrug, "Oh, I wish I could find A fat little bug!"

Said the third little chicken, With a little sigh of grief, "Oh, I wish I could find A little green leaf!"

Said the fourth little chicken, With a sharp little squeal, "Oh, I wish I could find Some nice yellow meal!"

Said the fifth little chicken, With a faint little moan, "I wish I could find A wee gravel stone!"

"Now, see here," said their mother From the green garden patch, "If you want any breakfast, You must all come and scratch!"





AROUND THE WORLD

In go-cart so tiny My sister I drew; And I've promised to draw her The wide world through.

We have not yet started --I own it with sorrow -Because our trip's always Put off till tomorrow.

Kate Greenaway



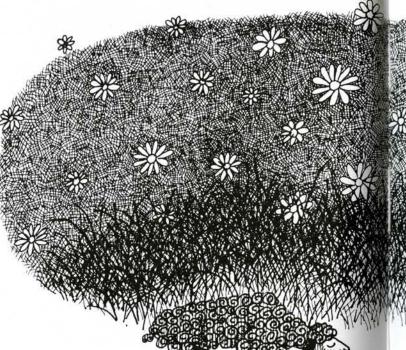
DAISIES

At evening when I go to bed, I see the stars shine overhead; They are the little daisies white That dot the meadow of the night.

And often while I'm dreaming so, Across the sky the moon will go; It is a lady, sweet and fair, Who comes to gather daisies there.

For, when at morning I arise, There's not a star left in the skies; She's picked them all and dropped them down Into the meadows of the town.

Frank Dempster Sherman



THE HAPPY SHEEP

All through the night the happy sheep Lie in the meadow grass asleep.

Their wool keeps out the frost and rain Until the sun comes round again.

They have no buttons to undo, Nor hair to brush, like me and you.

And with the light they lift their heads To find their breakfast on their beds,

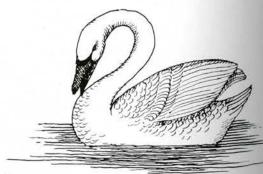
Or rise and walk about and eat The carpet underneath their feet.

Wilfred Thorley



Summer breeze so softly blowing, In my garden pinks are growing; If you'll go and send the showers, You may come and smell my flowers.

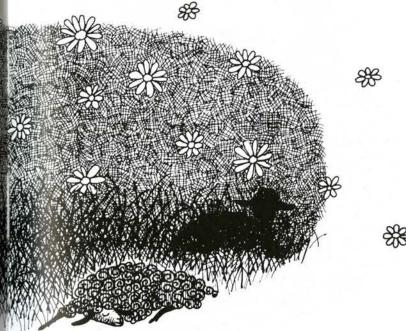
Old Garden Rhyme



SWAN SONG

Swans sing before they die — 'twere no bad thing Should certain persons die before they sing.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge



BE TRUE

To thine own self be true; And it must follow, as the night the day Thou cans't not then be false to any man.

Shall never be beloved by men.

William Blake

THREE THINGS TO REMEMBER

A Robin Redbreast in a cage

A skylark wounded on the wing Doth make a cherub cease to sing.

He who shall hurt the little wren

Puts all Heaven in a rage.



LITTLE THINGS

Little drops of water, Little grains of sand, Make the mighty ocean And the pleasant land.

Thus the little moments, Humble though they be, Make the mighty ages Of eternity.

Thus our little errors Lead the soul away From the path of virtue, Off in sin to stray.

Little deeds of kindness, Little words of love, Make our earth an Eden, Like the heaven above.

Julia A. F. Carney

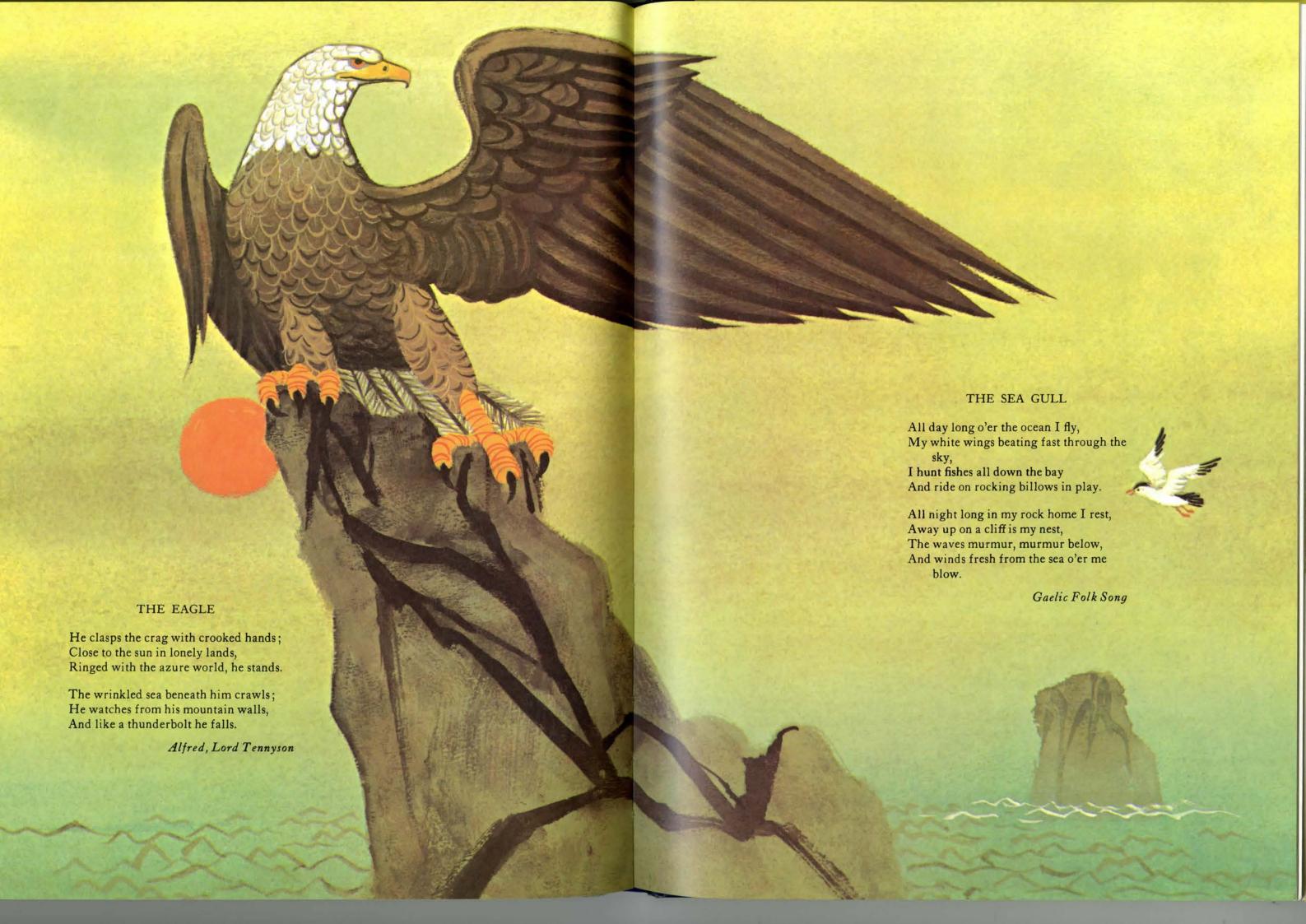


IN THE MEADOW

In the meadow - what is in the meadow? Bluebells, buttercups, meadowsweet, And fairy rings for children's feet, In the meadow.



Christina Rossetti





TURKEY TIME

Thanksgiving Day will soon be here; It comes around but once a year. If I could only have my way, We'd have Thanksgiving every day!

SING A SONG OF SEASONS

Sing a song of seasons!

Something bright in all!
Flowers in the summer,
Fires in the fall!

Robert Louis Stevenson

NOVEMBER

I love the fitful gust that shakes
The casement all the day,
And from the glossy elm tree takes
The faded leaves away,
Twirling them by the windowpane
With thousands others down the lane.

I love to see the cottage smoke
Curl upward through the trees,
The pigeons nestled round the cote,
November days like these;
The cock upon the woodland crowing,
The mill sails on the heath a-going.

John Clare

AUTUMN

The morns are meeker than they were,
The nuts are getting brown;
The berry's cheek is plumper,
The rose is out of town.

The maple wears a gayer scarf,
The field a scarlet gown.
Lest I should be old-fashioned,
I'll put a trinket on.

Emily Dickinson

MERRY AUTUMN DAYS

'Tis pleasant on a fine spring morn
To see the buds expand,
'Tis pleasant in the summertime
To see the fruitful land;

'Tis pleasant on a winter's night To sit around the blaze,

But what are joys like these, my boys, To merry autumn days!

We hail the merry autumn days, When leaves are turning red; Because they're far more beautiful

Than anyone has said.
We hail the merry harvest time,
The gayest of the year;

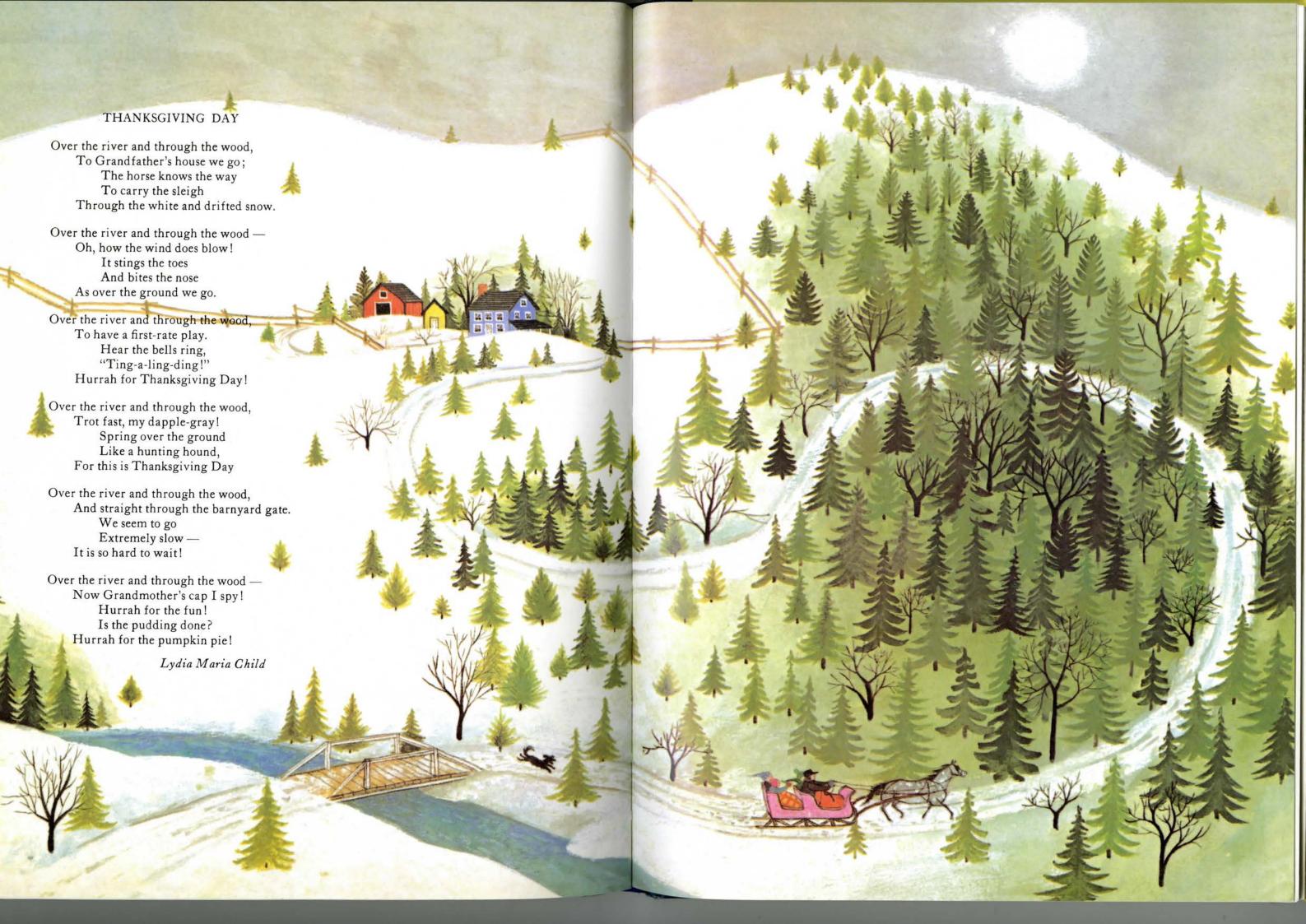
The time of rich and bounteous crops, Rejoicing and good cheer.

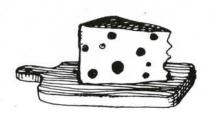
Charles Dickens

He comes, he comes, the Frost Spirit comes! You may trace his footsteps now
On the naked woods and the blasted fields and the brown hill's withered brow.
He has smitten the leaves of the gray old trees where their pleasant green came forth,
And the winds, which follow wherever he goes, have shaken them down to earth.

THE FROST SPIRIT

John Greenleaf Whittier





AN OLD RAT'S TALE

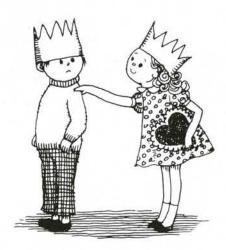
He was a rat, and she was a rat,
And down in one hole they did dwell;
And both were as black as a witch's cat,
And they loved each other well.

He had a tail and she had a tail,
Both long and curling and fine;
And each said, "Yours is the finest tail
In the world, excepting mine."

He smelled the cheese, and she smelled the cheese, And they both pronounced it good; And both remarked it would greatly add To the charms of their daily food.

So he ventured out, and she ventured out, And I saw them go with pain; But what befell them I never can tell, For they never came back again.

Nursery Rhyme



HEARTS AND LACE PAPER

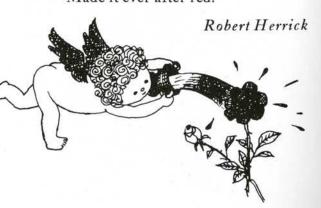
Roses are red, violets blue; If you will have me, I will have you. Lilies are white, rosemary's green; When you are king, I will be queen.

Gammer Gurton's Garland



HOW ROSES CAME RED

'Tis said, as Cupid danced among The Gods, he down the nectar flung; Which, on the white rose being shed, Made it ever after red.



SEWING

If Mother Nature patches
The leaves of trees and vines,
I'm sure she does her darning
With the needles of the pines;
They are so long and slender,
And somewhere in full view,
She has her threads of cobweb
And a thimbleful of dew.



STITCHING

A pocket handkerchief to hem — Oh dear, oh dear! How many stitches it will take Before it's done, I fear.

Yet set a stitch and then a stitch,
And stitch and stitch away,
Till stitch by stitch the hem is done—
And after work is play!

Christina Rossetti



Some like drink
In a pint pot,
Some like to think,
Some not.

Strong Dutch cheese, Old Kentucky Rye, Some like these; Not I.

Some like Poe,
And others like Scott;
Some like Mrs. Stowe,
Some not.

Some like to laugh, Some like to cry, Some like to chaff; Not I.

Robert Louis Stevenson



EVERY DAY

Love the beautiful, Seek out the true, Wish for the good, And the best do!

Felix Mendelssohn



Dare to be true;

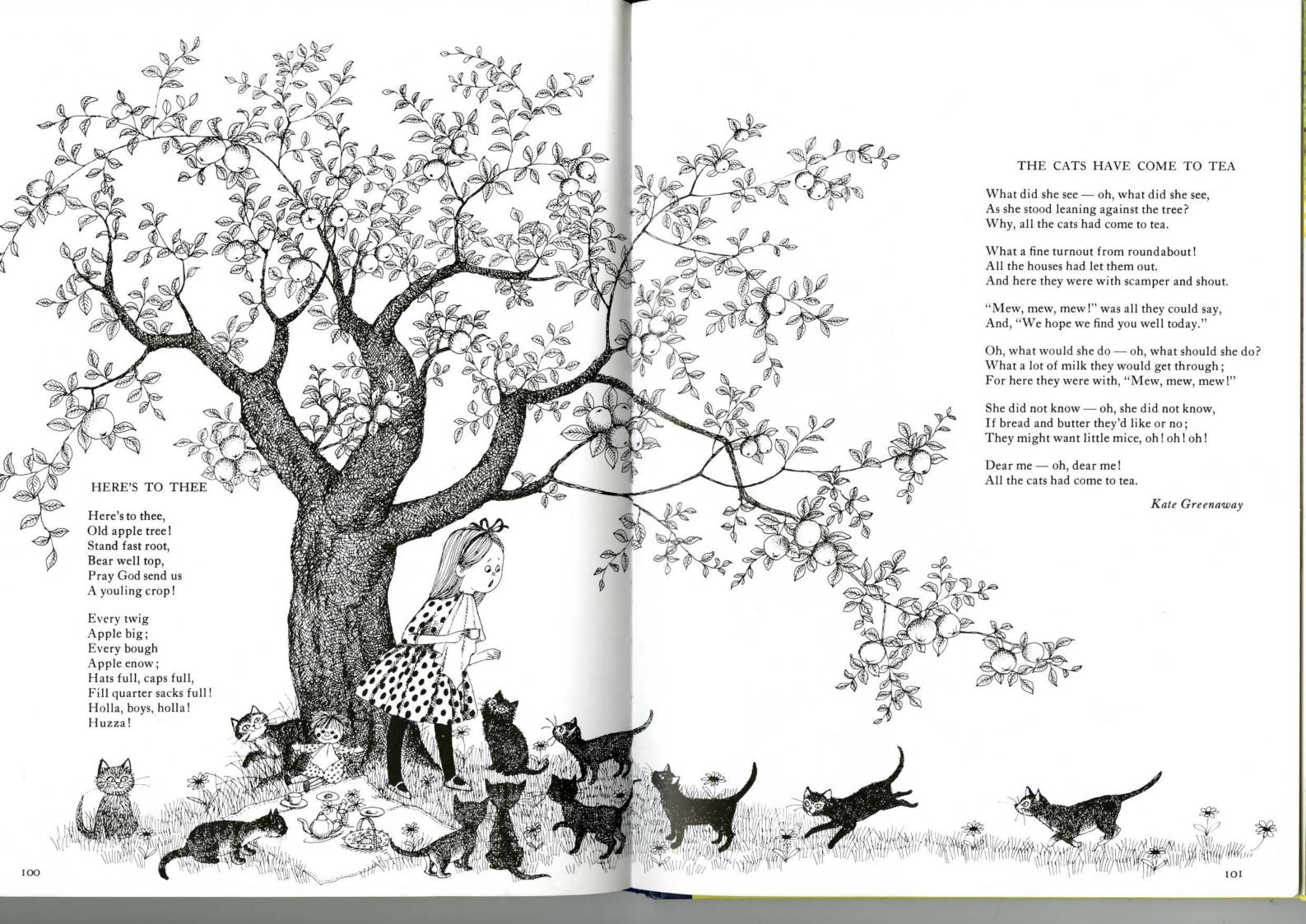
Nothing can need a lie;
The fault that needs one most
Grows two thereby.

George Herbert











MR. FINNEY'S TURNIP

Mr. Finney had a turnip
And it grew behind the barn;
And it grew and it grew,
And that turnip did no harm.

There it grew and it grew
Till it could grow no longer;
Then his daughter Lizzie picked it
And put it in the cellar.

There it lay and it lay
Till it began to rot;
And his daughter Susie took it
And put it in the pot.

And they boiled it and boiled it
As long as they were able;
And then his daughters took it
And put it on the table.

Mr. Finney and his wife
They sat them down to sup;
And they ate and they ate
And they ate that turnip up.





Three plum buns
To eat here at the stile
In the clover meadow,
For we have walked a mile.

One for you, and one for me, And one left over. Give it to the boy who shouts To scare sheep from the clover.

Christina Rossetti



Algy met a bear, The bear was bulgy, The bulge was Algy.



THE OLD MAN WITH A BEARD

There was an old man with a beard
Who said, "It is just as I feared!
Two owls and a hen,
Four larks and a wren,
Have all built their nests in my beard!"

Edward Lear

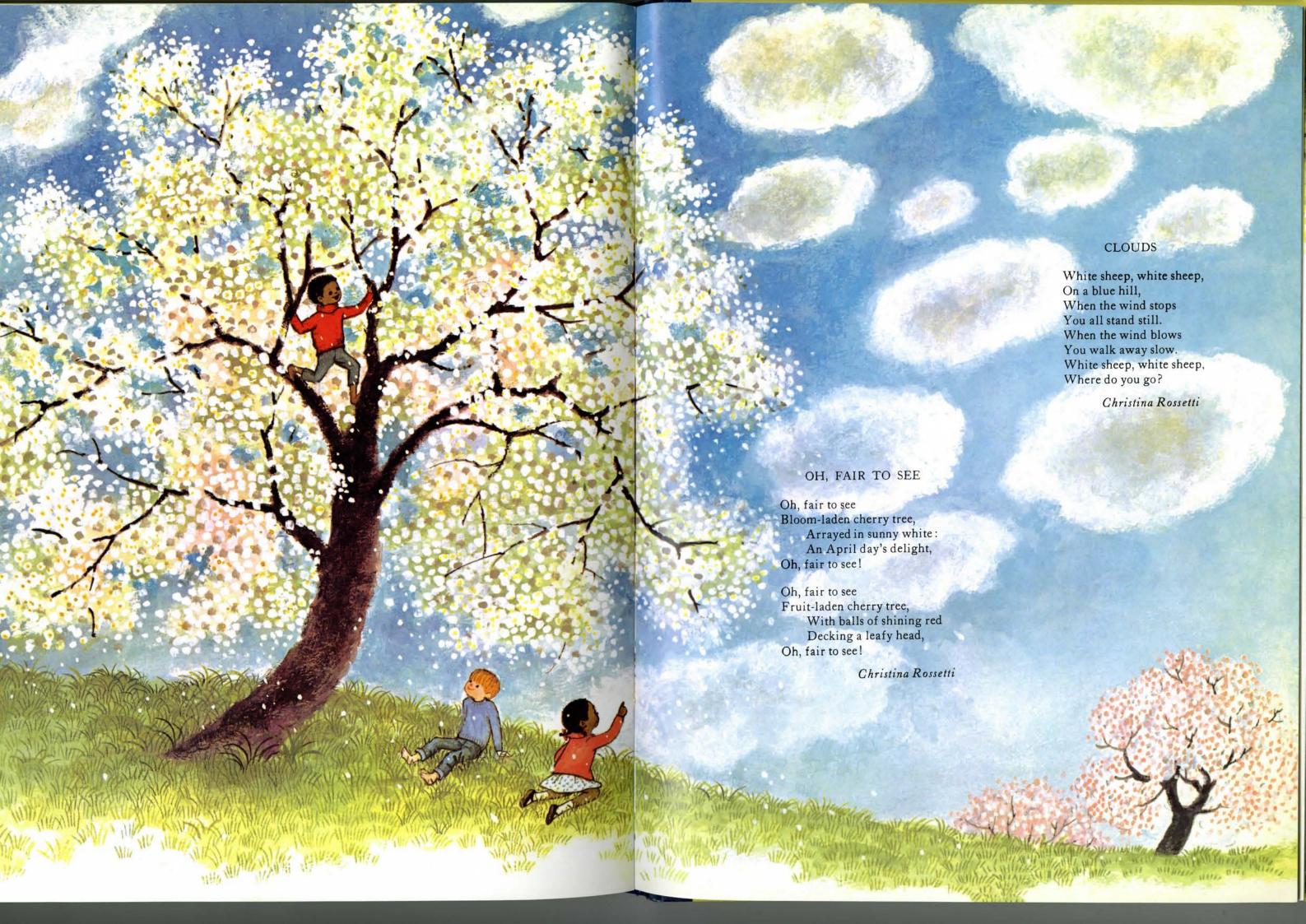
TWO IN BED

When my brother Tommy
Sleeps in bed with me,
He doubles up
And makes
himself



And 'cause the bed is not so wide, A part of him is on my side.

A. B. Ross



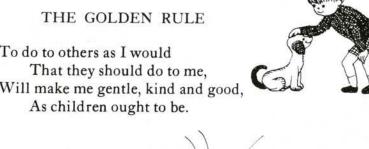
WHEN YOU AND I GROW UP

When you and I Grow up — Polly — I mean that you and me Shall go sailing in a big ship Right over all the sea. We'll wait till we are older, For if we went today. You know that we might lose ourselves, And never find the way.





To do to others as I would That they should do to me, Will make me gentle, kind and good, As children ought to be.



TWENTY FROGGIES

Twenty froggies went to school Down beside a rushy pool. Twenty little coats of green, Twenty vests all white and clean.

"We must be in time," said they, "First we study, then we play; That is how we keep the rule, When we froggies go to school."

Master Bullfrog, brave and stern, Called his classes in their turn, Taught them how to nobly strive, Also how to leap and dive;

Taught them how to dodge a blow, From the sticks that bad boys throw. Twenty froggies grew up fast, Bullfrogs they became at last;

Polished in a high degree, As each froggie ought to be, Now they sit on other logs, Teaching other little frogs.

George Cooper





WINGS

Oh that I had wings like a dove! For then would I fly away and be at rest. Lo, then would I wander far off, And remain in the wilderness.

A Psalm of David



Baby, baby, lay your head On your pretty cradle bed; Shut your eye-peeps, now the day And the light are gone away; All the clothes are tuck'd in tight; Little baby, dear, good night.

Yes, my darling, well I know How the bitter wind doth blow: And the winter's snow and rain Patter on the windowpane; But they cannot come in here, To my little baby dear.

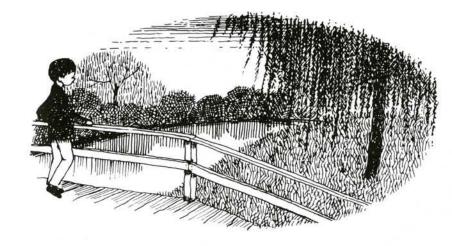
For the window shutteth fast, Till the stormy night is past, And the curtains warm are spread Roundabout her cradle bed; So till morning shineth bright, Little baby, dear, good night.

Jane Taylor

FROM THE BRIDGE

How silent comes the water round that bend! Not the minutest whisper does it send To the o'erhanging willows: blades of grass Slowly across the checkered shadows pass.

John Keats



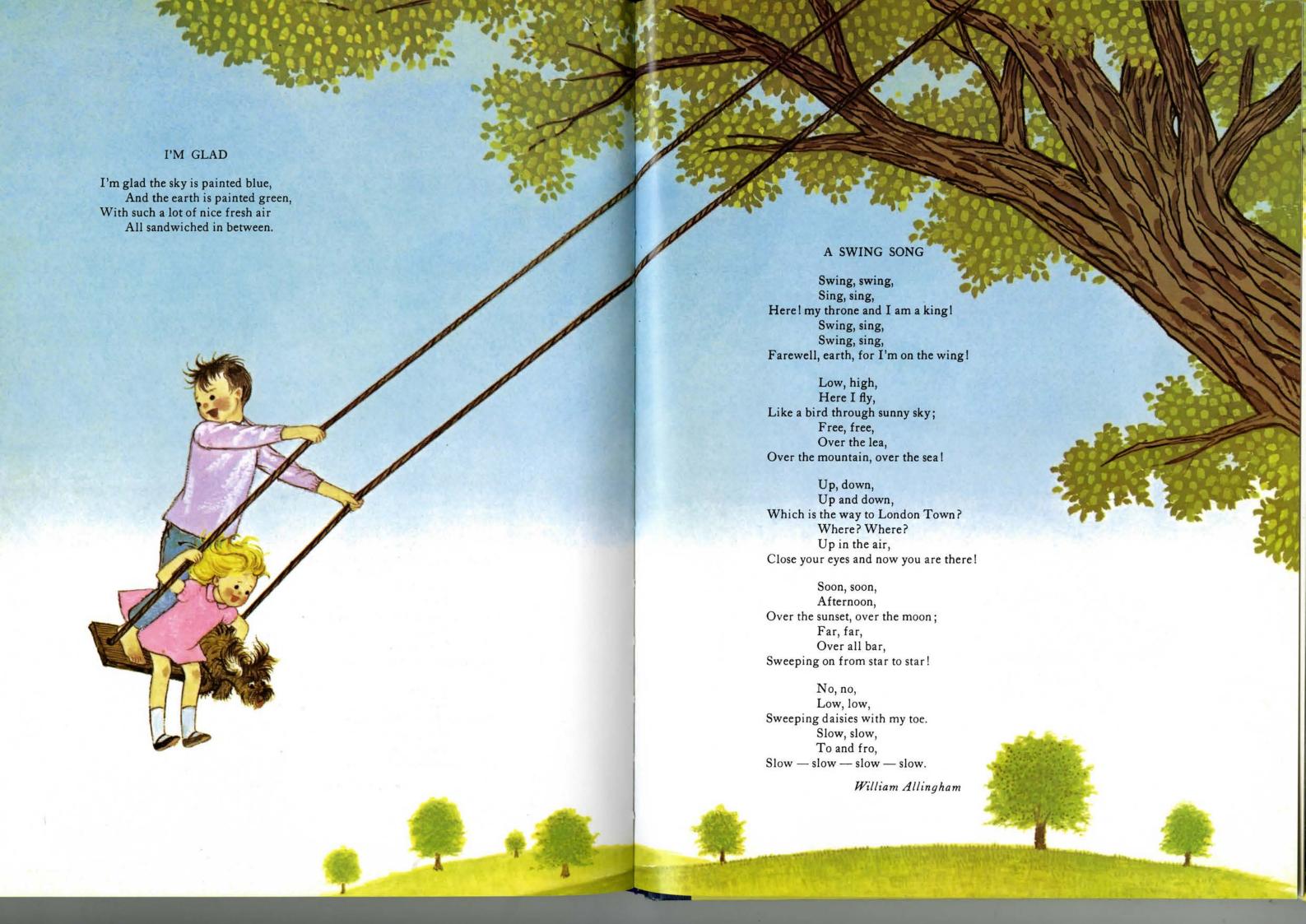
THE FUNNY OLD MAN AND HIS WIFE

Once upon a time, in a little wee house, Lived a funny old man and his wife; And he said something funny to make her laugh, Every day of his life.

One day he said such a very funny thing, That she shook and screamed with laughter; But the poor old soul, she couldn't leave off For at least three whole days after.

So laughing with all her might and main, Three days and nights she sat; And at the end she didn't know a bit What she'd been laughing at.



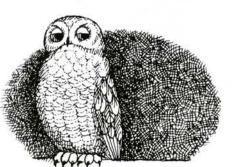


THE OWL

When cats run home and light is come, And dew is cold upon the ground, And the far-off stream is dumb, And the whirring sail goes round: Alone and warming his five wits, The white owl in the belfry sits.

When merry milkmaids click the latch, And rarely smells the new-mown hay, And the cock hath sung beneath the thatch Twice or thrice his roundelay: Alone and warming his five wits, The white owl in the belfry sits.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson



THE HUMMINGBIRD

The hummingbird, the hummingbird, So fairy-like and bright: It lives among the sunny flowers, A creature of delight.

Mary Howitt



PEAS

I eat my peas with honey, I've done it all my life, They do taste kind of funny, But it keeps them on the knife.

MR. NOBODY

THE FLEA AND THE FLY

So together they flew through a flaw in the flue.

A flea and a fly got caught in a flue.

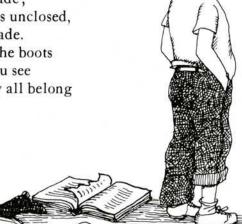
Said the fly, "Let us flee."

Said the flea, "Let us fly."

I know a funny little man, As quiet as a mouse, Who does the mischief that is done In everybody's house! There's no one ever sees his face, And yet we all agree That every plate we break was cracked By Mr. Nobody.

'Tis he who always tears our books, Who leaves the door ajar, He pulls the buttons from our shirts, And scatters pins afar; That squeaking door will always squeak, For, prithee, don't you see, We leave the oiling to be done By Mr. Nobody.

The fingermarks upon the door By none of us are made; We never leave the blinds unclosed, To let the curtains fade. The ink we never spill; the boots That lying round you see Are not our boots — they all belong To Mr. Nobody.







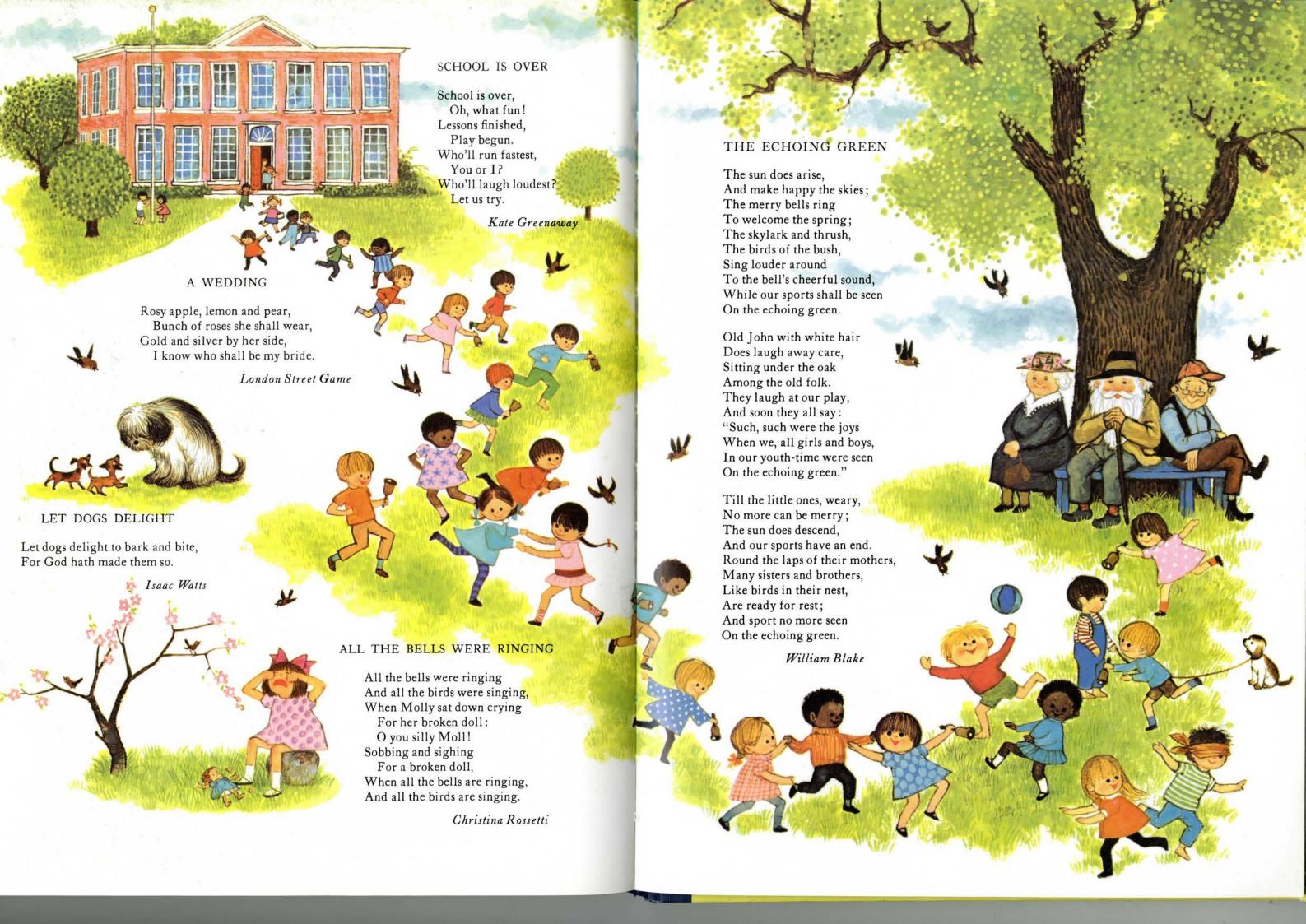


THE OSTRICH IS A SILLY BIRD

The ostrich is a silly bird With scarcely any mind. He often runs so very fast, He leaves himself behind.

And when he gets there, has to stand And hang about till night, Without a blessed thing to do Until he comes in sight.

Mary E. Wilkins Freeman

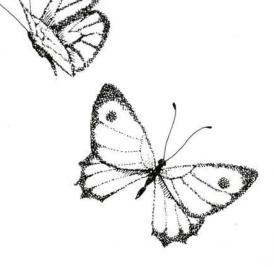


WHITE BUTTERFLIES

Fly, white butterflies, out to sea, Frail, pale wings for the wind to try, Small white wings that we scarce can see, Fly!

Some fly light as a laugh of glee, Some fly soft as a long, low sigh; All to the haven where each would be, Fly!

Algernon Charles Swinburne





MOTHER

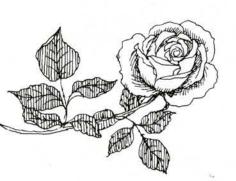
Hundreds of stars in the deep blue sky,
Hundreds of shells on the shore together,
Hundreds of birds that go singing by,
Hundreds of birds in the sunny weather.

Hundreds of dewdrops to greet the dawn,
Hundreds of bees in the purple clover,
Hundreds of butterflies on the lawn,
But only one mother the wide world over.

George Cooper

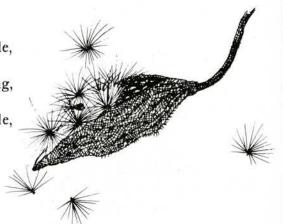
TO MY VALENTINE

If apples were pears,
And peaches were plums,
And the rose had a different name —
If tigers were bears,
And fingers were thumbs,
I'd love you just the same!



BABY SEEDS

In a milkweed cradle,
Snug and warm,
Baby seeds are hiding,
Safe from harm.
Open wide the cradle,
Hold it high!
Come, Mr. Wind,
Help them fly.



GAELIC LULLABY

Hush! the waves are rolling in,
White with foam, white with foam;
Father toils amid the din;
But baby sleeps at home.

Hush! the winds roar hoarse and deep —
On they come, on they come.
Brother seeks the wandering sheep;
But baby sleeps at home.

Hush! the rain sweeps o'er the knolls,
Where they roam, where they roam;
Sister goes to seek the cows;
But baby sleeps at home.



ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT

Sleep, my babe, lie still and slumber, All through the night, Guardian angels God will lend thee, All through the night; Soft, the drowsy hours are creeping, Hill and vale in slumber steeping, Mother, dear, her watch is keeping, All through the night.



Good night! Good night!
Far flies the light;
But still God's love
Shall flame above,
Making all bright.
Good night! Good night!

Victor Hugo



NOW I LAY ME DOWN

Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray thee, Lord, my soul to keep; Thy love go with me all the night, And wake me with the morning light.

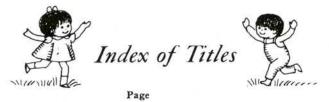


EARLY TO BED

Early to bed and early to rise Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise.

Old Proverb





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